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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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"OH, YET WE TRUST."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every Winter change to Spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.

THROWING UP EARTHWORKS FOR THE DEFENCE OF HARRISBURG, PA.—From the N. Y. Illustrated News.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By the Author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," "The Channings," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XL.

AN ILL-OMEN CHASTISEMENT.

It was growing dusk when Rupert stood in the rick-yard, talking to Jim Sanders. Mr. Jim had stolen up to the Hold on a little private matter of his own, but never mind that now. Rupert had just been paying a visit to his pony in the stable, to see that it was alive after the exercise the young ladies had given it; not a little by all accounts; Amelia said to Rupert that they had pretty nearly "rode its tail off." The nearest way from the stables to the *front* of the house was through the rick-yard, and Rupert was returning from his visit of inspection when he came upon Jim Sanders, leaning his back against a hay-rick. In his arms was a little brown puppy, very, very young, as might be known by the faint squeaks it made.

"Holloa, Jim! Is that you?" exclaimed Rupert, having some trouble to discern who it was in the fading light. "What have you got speaking there?"

Jim displayed the little animal.

"He's only a few days old, sir," said he, "but he's a fine fellow. Just look at his ears!"

"How am I to look?" rejoined Rupert. It's nearly pitch dark."

"Stop a bit," said Jim. He produced a sort of torch from underneath his smock frock, and by some contrivance set it alight. The wood blazed away, sending up its flame in the yard, but they advanced into the wide open space, away from the ricks and from danger. These torches, cut from a peculiar wood, were common enough in the neighborhood, and were found very useful on a dark night by those who had to go about any job of out-door work. They gave the light of ten candles, and were not liable to be extinguished with every breath of wind. Dangerous things for a rick-yard, you will say, but they had moved away from it to the railed-off space.

The puppy lay in Rupert's arms now, and he took the torch in his hand, while he examined it. But not a minute had they thus stood, when some one came upon them with hasty steps. It was Mr. Chattaway. He had no doubt just returned from Blackstone, and was going in-doors after leaving his horse in the stable. Jim Sanders disappeared, but Rupert stood his ground, the lighted torch still in his one hand, the puppy lying in the other.

"What are you doing here?" angrily demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"Not much," said Rupert. "I was only looking at this little puppy," showing it to Mr. Chattaway.

The puppy did not concern Mr. Chattaway. It could not work him treason, and Rupert was at liberty to look at it if he chose; but Mr. Chattaway would not let the opportunity slip of questioning him on another matter. It was the first time they had met, remember, since that little episode which had so disturbed Mr. Chattaway in the morning—the finding of Rupert's boots.

"Pray where did you spend last evening?" he began.

"At the parsonage," freely answered Rupert; and Mr. Chattaway detected, or fancied he detected, a tone of defiant independence in the tone, which alone, to his ears, must speak of treason. "It was the last evening of Mr. Daw's stay there, and he asked me to spend it with him."

Mr. Chattaway saw no way of entering an opposition to this; he could not abuse him for taking tea at the parsonage; he could not well forbid it to him.

"What time did you come home?" he continued.

"It was eleven o'clock," avowed Rupert. "I went with Mr. Daw to the station to see him off, and the train was hours behind its time. I thought it was coming up every minute, or I'd not have stayed."

Mr. Chattaway had known as much before.

"How did you get in?" he asked.

Rupert hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"I was let in."

"I conclude you were. By whom?"

"I'd rather not tell, if you please."

"But I choose that you shall tell."

"No," said Rupert. "I can't tell that, Mr. Chattaway."

"But I insist on your telling," thundered Mr. Chattaway. "I order you to tell."

He lifted his riding-whip, which was in his hand, menacingly as he spoke; but Rupert stood his ground fearlessly, the expression of his face showing out calm and firm, as the torchlight fell upon it.

"Do you defy me, Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I don't wish to defy you, sir, but it is quite impossible that I can tell you who it was that let me in last night. It would not be fair, or honorable."

His refusal may have looked like defiance to Mr. Chattaway, but in point of fact it was dictated by a far different feeling—regard for his kind Aunt Edith. Had any one else in the Hold admitted him, he might have confessed to it, under Mr. Chattaway's stern command; but he would have died, rather than bring *her* whom he so loved into trouble with her husband.

"Once more, sir, I ask you—will you tell me?"

"No, I will not," answered Rupert, with that quiet determination which imparts its own firmness worse than any bravado. Better for him that he had told! better even for Mrs. Chattaway.

Mr. Chattaway caught Rupert by the shoulder, lifted his whip, and struck him—struck him not once, but several times. The last stroke caught him in the face and raised a thick weal across it; and then Mr. Chattaway, his work done, walked quickly away towards his house, never speaking, the whip resting quietly in his hand.

Alas, for the Trevlyn temper! Maddened by the outrage, smarting under the pain, the unhappy Rupert lost all self-command. Passion had never overcome him as it overcame him now. He knew not what he did; he was at once insane; in fact, he was insane for the time being—irresponsible (may it not so be said?) for his actions. With a yell of rage he picked up the torch, then blazing on the ground, dashed into the rick-yard like one possessed, and thrust the torch into the nearest rick. Then, leaping the opposite palings of the yard, he tore away across the fields.

Jim Sanders had been a witness to this; and to describe Jim's consternation would be beyond any pen. He had stood in the obscurity, out of reach of Mr. Chattaway's eyes, and had heard and seen all. Snatching the torch out of the rick—for the force with which Rupert had driven it in kept it there—Jim pulled out with his hands the few bits of hay already ignited, stamped on them, and believed the danger to be over. Next, he began to look for his puppy.

"Mr. Rupert can't have took it off with him," soliloquised he, pacing the rick-yard dubiously with his torch, his eyes and ears alike on the alert. "He couldn't jump over them palings with that there puppy in his arms. It's a wonder that a delicate one like him could jump 'em at all, and come over 'em clean."

Mr. Jim Sanders was right; it was a wonder, for the palings were high. But it is known how strong madmen are, and I have told you that Rupert was one then.

Jim's search was interrupted by fresh footsteps, and Bridget, the maid you saw in the morning talking to Mr. Chattaway, accosted him. She was a cousin of Jim's, three or four years older than himself; but Jim was uncommonly fond of her, in a rustic fashion, deeming the difference of age nothing, and was always finding his way to the Hold with some mark of good will.

"Now, then! what do you want to-night?" cried she, for it was the pleasure of her life to snub him and domineer over him. "Hatch comes in just now, and says, says he, 'Jim Sanders is in the rick-yard a-waiting for you.' I'll make you know better, young Jim, than to send me in them messages afore a kitchen-full."

"I've brought you a little present, Bridget," answered Jim, deprecatingly. "Its the beautifullest puppy you ever see—if you'll only accept of him; as black and shiny as a lump of coal. Leastways, I had brought him," he added, in a rueful accent. "But he's gone, and I can't find him."

Bridget had a weakness for puppies—as was known to Jim; consequently, the concluding part of his information was not palatable to her. She attacked him in regard to it.

"You have brought me the beautifullest puppy I ever see—and you have lost him and can't find him! What d'ye mean by that, young Jim? Can't you speak sense, as a body may understand?"

Jim supposed he had worded his communication imperfectly. "There have been a row here," he exclaimed, "and it frighted me so much that I dun know what I be saying. The master, he took his riding-whip to Mr. Rupert, and horsewhipped him."

"The master!" uttered the girl. "What! Mr. Chattaway?"

"He come through the yard when I was with Mr. Rupert a-showing him the puppy, and they had some words, and the master he horsewhipped him. I stood roun' the corner of the pales, frighted to death a'most for fear Chattaway should see me. And Mr. Rupert, he must have dropped the puppy somewhere, but I can't find him."

"Where is he? How did it end?"

"He dashed into the yard and across to them palings, and he leaped 'em clean," responded Jim. "And he'd not have cleared 'em, Bridget, if he'd had the puppy in his arms, so I know it must be about somewhere. And he a'most set that there rick a-fire first, the boy added, lowering his voice to a whisper, and pointing in the direction of the particular rick, from which they had strayed some distance in Jim's search. "I pretty nigh dropped when I saw it catch alight."

Bridget felt awed, startled, but yet uncertain.

"How could he set a rick a-fire, stupid?" she cried.

"With the torch. I had lighted it to show him the puppy, and he had got it in his hand; he had it in his hand when Chattaway began to horsewhip him, but he dropped it then; and when Chattaway went away, Mr. Rupert picked it up and pushed it into the rick."

"I don't like to hear this," said the girl with a shiver. "Suppose the rick-yard had been set a-fire! Which rick was it? It mayn't—"

"Just hush a minute, Bridget!" suddenly interrupted Jim. "There he is!"

"There's who?" asked she, peering around her in the growing darkness of the night. "Not master!"

"Law, Bridget! I meant the puppy.—Can't you hear him? Them squeaks is him."

Guided towards the sound, Jim at length found the poor little animal. It was lying close to the spot where Rupert had leaped the palings. The boy took it up, fondling it almost as a mother would have done.

"See his pretty glossy skin, Bridget! Just feel how sleek it is! He'll lap milk out of a saucer now; I tried him afore I brought him out; and if you—"

A scream from Bridget intervened.—Jim seemed to come in for nothing but shocks to his nerves this evening, and he almost dropped the puppy again. For it was a loud, shrill, prolonged scream, one carrying a strange amount of terror to the ear, as it went booming forth in the still night air.

Meanwhile Mr. Chattaway had entered his house. Some of the children who were in the drawing-room heard him come in, and went forth to the hall to welcome him after his long day's absence. But they were startled by the pallor of his countenance; it looked perfectly livid as the light of the hall lamp fell upon it. Mr. Chattaway could not inflict such a chastisement on Rupert without its emotionary effects telling temporarily upon himself. He took off his hat and laid his whip upon the table.

"We thought you would be home before this, papa."

"Where's your mamma?" he rejoined, paying no heed to their remark.

"She is up-stairs in her sitting room."

Mr. Chattaway turned to the staircase and ascended. Mrs. Chattaway was not in her room; but the sound of voices in Miss Diana's guided him to where he should find her. This sitting-room, devoted exclusively to Miss Diana Trevlyn, was on the side of the house next the rick-yard and farm buildings, which is overlooked.

The apartment was almost in darkness; the fire in the grate had gone dim, and neither lamp nor candles had been lighted.—Mrs. Chattaway and Miss Diana sat there conversing together.

"Who is this?" cried the former, looking round. "Oh, is it you, James? I did not know you were home. What a nice day you have had for Whitterbey!"

"Did you buy the stock you thought of buying?" asked Miss Diana.

"I bought enough," he said, rather sullenly. "Prices ran high to-day."

"You are home late," she resumed.

"I came round by Blackstone."

It was evident by his tone of manner that he was in one of his least genial humors.—Both the ladies knew from experience that the wisest plan at these times was to leave him to himself, and they resumed their own conversation.

Mr. Chattaway stood with his back to them, his hands in his pockets, his eyes peering out into the dusky night. Not in really looking at anything, or seeking to look; he was by far too deeply busied in his thoughts to pay attention to outward things.

He was beginning very slightly to repent of the horsewhipping, to doubt whether it might not have been more prudent had he abstained from inflicting it. As do many more of us, when we awake to reflection after some act committed in passion. If Rupert was to be dreaded; if he, in connection with others, was hatching treason, this outrage would only make of him a more bitter enemy. Better, perhaps, not to have gone to the extremity.

But it was done; it could not be undone; and to regret it were worse than useless.—Mrs. Chattaway began thinking of the point which had led to it—the refusal of Rupert to say who had admitted him. This at least Mr. Chattaway determined to ascertain.

"Did either of you let in Rupert last night?" he suddenly inquired, looking round.

"No, we did not," promptly replied Miss Diana, answering for Mrs. Chattaway as well as herself, which she believed she was perfectly safe in doing. "He was not in until eleven, I hear; we went up to bed long before that."

"Then who did let him in?" exclaimed Chattaway.

"One of the servants, of course," rejoined Miss Diana.

"But they say they did not," he answered.

"Have you asked them all?"

No. Mr. Chattaway remembered that he had not asked them all, and he came to the conclusion that one of them must have been the culprit. He turned to the window again, standing sullkily as before, and vowing in his own mind that the offender, whether man or woman, should be turned summarily out of the Hold.

"If you have been to Blackstone you have heard that the inquest is over, James," observed Mrs. Chattaway, anxious to turn the conversation from the subject of the last night. "Did you hear the verdict?"

"I heard it," he growled.

"It is not an agreeable verdict, Chattaway," remarked Miss Diana. "Better that you had made these improvements in the mine—as I urged upon you long ago—than wait to be forced to do it."

"I am not forced yet," retorted Chattaway. "They must— Hallos! What's that?"

His sudden exclamation called them both to the window. A bright light, a blaze, was shooting up into the sky.

"The rick-yard is on fire!" shrieked Miss Diana Trevlyn.

"The what?" gasped Chattaway, staring as one paralyzed.

"The rick yard," she repeated. "Don't you see? That is one of the ricks blazing."

And Mr. Chattaway, as the conviction of the truth flashed upon him, burst forth into something like a yell. And a shrill scream, which seemed to come from the outside, from the rick-yard, echoed it.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ASCENDING BLAZE.

There is a terror which, coming on suddenly, shakes the equanimity of the mind to its very foundation—and that terror fell upon Trevlyn Hold. At the dusk hour of night—for it was not yet quite dark—its inmates were sitting mostly in idleness; the servants gossiping quietly in the kitchen, the young ladies lingering desultorily over the fire in the drawing-room, when those awful sounds of fear, bringing faintness to the very heart, interrupted them—the cry of their father in the room above; the echoing cry, shrill and prolonged, from some spot outside the house. With a simultaneous movement all flew to the open space of the hall only to see Mr. Chattaway leap down the stairs, his wife and Miss Diana following him.

"Oh, papa! what is it? What is the matter?"

"The rick-yard is on fire!"

They ran out to the rick-yard, a terrified consternation in their countenances, a vague sense of fear and trouble impressed upon her by the tone of command, the only object to the confusion of the scene. One voice was heard in its distinctness above all the rest—that of Miss Diana Treviyn.

"Who has done this? It must have been purposely set on fire."

She turned sharply on the group of servants as she spoke, as if suspecting one of them. The blaze fell on their alarmed faces, and they recoiled visibly; not from any sense of guilt, but from the general sense of fear which lay upon all. One of the grooms spoke impulsively.

"I heard voices not a minute ago in the rick-yard," he cried. "I'll swear I heered 'em. I was agoing across the top theer to fetch a bucket of water from the pump for the stables, and I heered 'em talking. One was a woman's. I see a light, too."

The women-servants were huddling together, staring helplessly at the blaze. Miss Diana directed her attention particularly to them; she had a ready perception, a keen sight, and she detected signs of terror so unmistakable in the face of one, that she could not help drawing a rapid conclusion. It was not the expression of general alarm, of surprise, of doubt depicted on the countenance of the rest; but an apprehensive, lively, conscious terror; and the girl was evidently endeavoring to draw behind, out of the sight of Miss Diana.

Miss Diana laid her hand upon her. It was Bridget, the kitchen maid.

"You know something of this!"

Bridget burst into tears. A more complete picture of helpless fear than she presented at that moment could not well be drawn. Her face was white, her teeth chattered, her whole frame shivered from head to foot. In her apron, held up as it seemed unconsciously, was something hidden.

"What have you got there!" sharply continued Miss Diana, whose thoughts may have flown to tow and matches, and other incendiary adjuncts.

Bridget, unable to speak for sobs, turned down the apron and disclosed a little black puppy: which, as if not liking to be displayed to general gaze, began to squeak. There was nothing very guilty in him; but Bridget's sobs redoubled.

"Were you in the rick-yard?" questioned Miss Diana; "was it your voice that Sam heard?" And Bridget was too terribly frightened to deny it.

"Then pray, what were you doing? What brought you in the rick-yard at all?"

But Mrs. Chattaway, timid Mrs. Chattaway, who was trembling almost as much as Bridget, but who had compassion for everybody in distress, spoke up to the rescue.

"Don't, Diana," she said. "I am sure Bridget is too good and honest a girl to have taken part in a dreadful thing such as this. The rick may have got heated and taken fire spontaneously."

"No, madam, I'd die before I'd do such a thing," sobbed Bridget, in answer to the kindness. "If I was in the rick-yard, I wasn't doing no hárm—and I'm sure I'd rather have went a hundred mile the other way if I'd thought what was going to happen. I turned as sick as a dog with fright when I saw the flame burst out."

"Was it you who screamed?" inquired Miss Diana.

"I did scream, ma'am. I couldn't help it."

"Diana," whispered Mrs. Chattaway, "you may see she's innocent."

"Yes, most likely; but there's something behind for all that," replied Miss Diana, aloud, in her decisive tone. "Bridget, I mean to come to the bottom of this business, and the sooner you explain it, the less trouble you'll be at. I ask what took you to the rick-yard?"

"It wasn't no harm, ma'am, as Madam says," sobbed Bridget, evidently very unwilling to enter on the explanation. "Oh, ma'am! I never did no harm in going there, nor thought none."

"Then it is the more easily told," responded Miss Diana. "Do you hear me, girl? What business took you to the rick-yard, and who were you talking with?"

There appeared to be no help for it; Bridget had felt there would not be from the first; she should have to confess to her rustic admirer's stolen visit. And Bridget, while liking him in her heart, was intensely ashamed of him, from his being so much younger than herself.

"Ma'am, I only came into it for a minute, to speak to a young boy, my cousin, Jim Sanders. Hatch, he came into the kitchen and said young Jim wanted to see me, and I came out. That's all—if it was the last word I had to speak," she added, with a burst of grief.

"And Jim Sanders? What did he want with you?" pursued Miss Diana, with uncompromising sternness.

"It was to show me this little puppy," returned Bridget, not choosing to confess that the small animal was brought as a present. "Jim opened proud of it, he did, ma'am, and he brought it up for me to see."

A very innocent confession; plausible, also; and Miss Diana saw no cause to disbelieve it. But she was one who liked to be on the sure side, and when corroborative testimony was to be had to a fact, she did not allow it to escape her. "One of you find Hatch," she said, addressing the maids.

Hatch was found with the men servants and laborers, who were trampling out another over-lit their eager endeavors to carry water to the rick, under the fruitless and perplexed directions of their master. Hatch's smock-frock was already wringing wet, through the upsetting over him of a bucket, while he was stooping for something at the pump. He came up to Miss Diana, squeezing it out of his hair.

"Did you go into the kitchen and tell Bridget that Jim Sanders wanted her in the rick-yard?" she questioned.

I think it has been mentioned once before that this man, Hatch, was too honest or too simple to answer anything but the straightforward truth. He replied that he did do so; that he had been called to by Jim Sanders as he was passing along the railed off part at the top of the rick-yard near the stables, who asked him to go to the house and send out Bridget.

"Did he say what he wanted with her?" continued Miss Diana.

"Not to me," replied Hatch. "It ain't nothing new for that there boy to come up and ask for Bridget, ma'am," he continued. "He's always coming up for her, Jim is. They be cousins."

A well-meant, good-natured speech, no doubt, on Hatch's part, but Bridget would have liked to box his ears for it there and then. Miss Diana, liberal minded, sufficiently large-hearted, saw no reason to object to Mr. Jim's visits, provided they were paid at proper times and seasons, when the girl was not at her work.

"Was anybody with Jim Sanders?" she asked.

"Not as I saw, ma'am. As I was coming back after telling Bridget, I see Jim awaiting there, all by hisself. He—"

"How could you see him? Was it not too dark?" interrupted Miss Diana.

"Not then. Bridget, she kep' him waiting ever so long afore she come out. Jim must have been a good half hour altogether in the yard; 'twere that, I know, from the time he called to me till the blaze burst out. But Jim might have went away afore that," added Hatch, reflectively.

"That's all, Hatch; make you haste back again," said Miss Diana. "Now, Bridget," she resumed, "was Jim Sanders in the yard when the flames burst out, or was he not?"

"Yes, ma'am, he was there."

"Then if any suspicious characters got into the rick-yard and did the mischief, he would no doubt have seen them," thought Miss Diana, to herself. "Do you know who did set it on fire?" she imperatively asked.

Bridget's face, which had regained somewhat of its color, grew white again—white as the apron she wore. Should she dare to tell what she had heard about Rupert? "I did not see it done," she gasped.

"Come, Bridget, this will not do," cried Miss Diana, noting the signs. "There's more behind, I see. Where's Jim Sanders?"

She looked around as she spoke—looked into the obscurity, into the light and shade cast by the flames. Jim was certainly not in sight.

"Do you know where he is?" she sharply resumed to Bridget.

But instead of answering, Bridget's teeth were taken with a fresh fit of chattering. It amazed Miss Diana considerably.

"Did Jim do it?" she sharply asked.

"No, no," answered Bridget, bursting into fresh tears. "When I got to Jim he had somehow lost the puppy"—glancing down at her apron—"and we had to look about for it. It was only just in the minute he found it that the flames broke forth. Jim, he was ashowing of it to me, ma'am, and he started like anything when I shricked out."

"Could he not see them as well as you?" cried Miss Diana.

"He had got his back to 'em, and I had got my face," answered Bridget.

"And where is Jim Sanders? What has become of him?"

"I don't know," sobbed Bridget.

"Nonsense! you must know," objected Miss Diana.

"No, ma'am, I don't," she reiterated. "Jim, he seemed like one dazed when he turned and saw the blaze. He stood a minute looking at it, and I could see his face turn all of a fright; the blaze made it light enough to see anything; and then he flung the puppy into my arms and scrambled off over the pailings, never speaking a word."

Miss Diana paused. There was something suspicious in Jim's making off in the clandestine manner described; but on the other hand she had known Jim from his infancy—known him to be of a harmless, inoffensive nature.

"An honest lad would have remained to see what assistance he could render towards putting it out, not have run off in that cowardly way," spoke Miss Diana. "Bridget, girl, I don't like the look of this."

Bridget made no reply, save by her tears She was beginning to wish the ground would open and swallow her up for a convenient half hour; she wished Jim Sanders had been actually buried in it before he had brought this trouble upon her. Miss Diana, Madam, and the young ladies were surrounding her; the maid servants began to edge away from her suspiciously; even Miss Edith had ceased her sobs and her hysterics to stare at Bridget.

Cris Chattaway came leaping past them. Cris, who had been leisurely making his way to the Hold—very near it, in fact, when the flames broke out—had run back, up, and after a short conference with his father, was now running to the rick-yard.

"You are the fleetest horseman, Cris," Mr. Chattaway had said to him. "Get the engines here from Barnester." And Cris was hastening to mount a horse, and ride away on the errand.

Mrs. Chattaway caught his arm as he passed.

"Oh, Cris, this is dreadful! What can have been the cause of it?"

"What!" returned Cris, in a savage tone —not, however, meant for his mother, but induced by the subject. "Don't you know what caused it? He ought to swing for it, the felon!"

Mrs. Chattaway was surprised. She connected his words with what she had just been listening to.

"Cris!—do you mean—. It never could have been Jim Sanders!"

"Jim Sanders!" slightingly spoke Cris. "What should have put Jim Sanders in your head, mother! No; it was your favored nephew, Rupert Treviyn!"

Mrs. Chattaway broke out into a cry as the words left his lips. Maude started a step forward, her face full of indignant protestation; and Miss Diana immediately demanded what he meant.

"Don't stop me," said Cris, "Rupert Treviyn was in the yard with a torch just before it broke out, and he must have fired it."

"It can't be, Cris!" wailed Mrs. Chattaway, her accent one of intense pain, and she laid hold of her son as he was speeding away. "Who says this?"

Cris twisted himself from her.

"I can't stop, mother, I say; I am going for the engines. You had better ask my father; it was he told me. It's true enough; who *would* do it, except Rupert?"

The shaft lanced at Rupert struck to the heart of Mrs. Chattaway; it struck unpleasantly on the ear of Miss Diana Treviyn; it did not sound agreeably to some of the women servants; Rupert was liked in the household, Cris hated. One of the latter spoke up in her zeal.

"It's well, it is, to try to throw it off the shoulders of that Jim Sanders, on to Mr. Rupert! Jim Sanders—"

"And what have you got to say again Jim Sanders?" interrupted Bridget, aroused by the inuendo—fearful, it may be, of a danger that the crime should be fastened on him. "Perhaps if I had spoke my mind, I could have told as it was Mr. Rupert as well as others could; perhaps Jim Sanders could have told it, too. At anyrate, it wasn't—"

"What is that, Bridget?"

The quiet but most imperative interruption came from Miss Diana. Bridget fell on her knees; excitement was overpowering her.

"It was Mr. Rupert, ma'am; it was; Jim saw him fire it."

"Diana! Diana! I feel ill," gasped Mrs. Chattaway, in a faint tone. "Let me go to him; I cannot breathe under this suspense."

She meant to her husband. Pressing across the confused and crowded rick-yard —for people, aroused by the sight of the flame, were coming up now in numbers—she succeeded in gaining Mr. Chattaway.—Maude, scared nearly into death, followed her closely, holding her skirts. She caught hold of him just as he had taken a bucket of water to hand on to some one standing next him in the line, thereby causing him to spill it. Mr. Chattaway turned round with a passionately angry word.

"What do you want here?" he roughly asked, although he saw it was his wife.

"James, tell me," she pleadingly whispered. "I felt sick with the suspense; I could not wait. What did Cris mean by saying it was Rupert?"

"It was Rupert," answered Mr. Chattaway. "There's not a shade of doubt that it was Rupert. He has done it in revenge."

"Revenge for what?" she asked.

"For the horsewhipping I gave him.—When I joined you up-stairs just now, I came straight from it. I horsewhipped him kindly; here, in this very spot," continued Mr. Chattaway, as if it afforded him satisfaction to repeat his avowal of the fact. "He had a torch with him, and I—like a fool—left it with him, never thinking of consequences, or that he might use it to become a felon. He must have fired the rick in revenge."

Mrs. Chattaway had been gradually drawing away from the proximity of the blaze, from the line formed to pass buckets of water on to the flames, which crackled and roared on high, from the crowd and confusion that prevailed around the spot. Mr. Chattaway had drawn with her, leaving his place in the line to be filled up by another. She fell against a distant rick, feeling sick unto death.

"Oh, James! Why did you horsewhip him? What had he done?"

"I horsewhipped him for insolence; for boarding me to my face. I bade him tell me who let him in last night when he returned home, and he set me at defiance by refusing to tell. One of my servants must be a traitor and Rupert is screening him."

A great cry escaped her.

"Oh, what have you done? It was I who let him in."

"*You!*" foamed Mr. Chattaway. "It is not true," he added, the next moment.—"You are driving me to deceive me—to defend him."

"It is true," she wailed. "I saw him come to the house from my dressing-room window, and I went down the back stairs and opened the door for him. He refused to betray me, it was done in good feeling, in love towards me, lest you should reproach me; and you have horsewhipped him for it! —you have goaded him on to this crime!—Oh, Rupert, my darling Rupert!"

Mr. Chattaway turned impatiently away: he had no time to waste on sentiment when his ricks were burning. His wife caught him by the coat.

"It has been a wretched mistake altogether, James," she whispered. "Say you will forgive him—forgive him for my sake!"

"Forgive him!" repeated Mr. Chattaway, his voice assuming quite a hissing sound in his anger. "Forgive this? Never. I'll prosecute him to the last stiver of the law; I'll try hard to get him condemned to penal servitude for life. Forgive *this*! You are out of your mind, Madam Chattaway."

Her breath was coming in gasps, her voice rose amidst choking sobs, and she entwined her arms about him caressingly, imploringly, in her agony of distress and terror.

"For my sake, my husband! It would kill me to see it brought home to him. He must have been overcome by a fit of the Treviyn temper. Oh, James! forgive him for my sake."

"I never will," deliberately replied Mr. Chattaway. "I will prosecute him to the utmost limit of the law; I swear it. In an hour's time from this he will be in custody."

He broke from her, and she staggered back against the rick. But for Maude she might have fallen. Poor Maude, who had stood and listened, her face turning to stone, her heart to despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE MILITIA.

As we may yet have to depend a great deal upon raw troops for the defence of Pennsylvania, it is proper that we should have a correct idea of what raw troops can do. We therefore call attention to the following article from the Inquirer of this city:—

We hear in these times a great deal of underrating of the militia, as unreliable against veteran troops, and men are disposed to think it useless to trust our safety to such a force. But it seems to be forgotten that these militia are now upon the soil of their own state, fighting in defence of all that we hold dear, and those who would not stand firm at such a time and under such circumstances, could not be trusted anywhere. It is this which has given strength to the southern armies. They have been called into the field to defend their homes against invasion, and we know to our cost how well they fight, with such a spirit animating them. Whenever they have tried their hands at invading loyal states, they have been defeated and driven back. They failed thus at Antietam, and South Mountain, and Perryville, and Mill Spring, and other places.

It is a strange statement, but one which comes to us from many sources, that both at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville the raw troops showed themselves as good soldiers as the veterans, and some of them much better. The great Napoleon never hesitated a moment to trust his fortunes to his raw troops, and his famous letter to Augereau, which has been often quoted in the course of this war, shows conclusively that raw soldiers may easily be made heroes if their general be of the right sort of stuff.

We may add to the above that it was raw militia which fought the battle of Bunker Hill in the Revolution, and raw militia which, in the war of 1812, won the battle of New Orleans. In both engagements they were opposed to the best disciplined troops in the world—those of England.

Of course the best place for raw troops is behind intrenchments, because in that situation no intricate evolutions are required of them. They have simply to load and fire, and if they are good marksmen, and do not get scared, are equal behind their works to veterans.

When the services of raw troops are immediately required, a great deal of time therefore need not be employed in marching and drilling. After they have been taught the simple movements necessary to avoid confusion, the balance of the time, especially with those companies whose men are not accustomed to the use of fire arms, should be devoted to loading and firing. And, if ammunition be not too scarce, this should be done with ball cartridges, in some place where the effect of the firing could be noticed.

And, as to this matter of loading and firing, we consider that to attempt to teach the militia precision, and to keep time with each other, is to seriously interfere with their accuracy of aim. Of all devices to injure good shooting, the insisting upon every man's fire, or even the fire of any small number of men, being delivered at once, seems to us about the most effectual. Accurate loading, and slow firing, at will, and only when the soldier has an idea that his ball will tell, will do more execution than hasty loading, and a rapid firing at something or nothing. At Bunker Hill our fathers waited until they could see "the white of the enemy's eyes," then took deliberate aim, and a very large proportion of their shots told. At New Orleans, if we remember right, they also waited until the enemy came so near that they could scarcely fail to hit. And on both these occasions, the men probably fired, after the first order was given, just when each man was ready. Consequently they did great execution, and saved their ammunition. How often during this war have we seen it stated that "our troops retired, their ammunition being exhausted"—probably exhausted often in hasty, useless firing; a fault into which the best of troops will be apt to fall, unless continually cautioned by their officers.

One thing further. In case a supply of rifles should not always be forthcoming, let no company hesitate to arm themselves with the common old-fashioned musket, or with their single or double-barrelled guns. It is the opinion of many intelligent officers who have seen service, that the old musket, with its cartridge containing a ball and several slugs, is at close quarters even a better arm than the rifle with its single ball. It will not perhaps kill so many, and it certainly is not so useful at long distances, but in the hands of ordinary marksmen, at a reasonable distance, its three or four missiles at every discharge will probably do much more execution than the single ball of the rifled musket. The principal weapon at Bunker Hill was, if we are not mistaken, the old-fashioned English musket, used by the settlers in their wars with the French and the Indians. And even a common fowling-piece, loaded with anything heavy enough to kill or seriously wound at a short distance, is a good enough weapon. Of course there is an advantage in having the regular weapon, because you can use the regular cartridge with it; and it is much more convenient to load at once with cartridges, than to carry your powder and ball separately. But, after all, it is a mere matter of convenience; and no class of men need hesitate to fight in the defence of their homes because they have not the regulation arms. The defenders of New Orleans were armed with their own rifles, and had no cartridges.

Our object in making these remarks is to show, by undeniable facts, of what raw troops are capable; and also that it is not necessary to effective shooting to have everything in fine military style. Bodily vigor, arms that will wound or kill, and a good aim, are the main things needed. In a mountain pass, behind a morass or deep stream, or in intrenchments, these are sufficient—the uniforms, the regulation arms, the beautiful evolutions, in all these cases, go almost for nothing. And a country that is invaded can always avail itself of these advantages of position; and if its population have sufficient spirit, and any arms at all, can easily defy an equal number of invaders.

☞ CAUTION TO LADIES.—India-rubber gloves are said to be very useful articles for ladies who amuse themselves in gardening and similar pursuits. There is one danger in their use, however. We have just had a melancholy account of a beautiful young girl who was remarkable for possessing very finely-pencilled eyebrows. Overcome with the drowsy influence of the weather, and a solemn young man who was making a morning call, she inadvertently rubbed her eyes with her India-rubber knuckles, and, dreadful to relate, completely obliterated her finely-pencilled eyebrows in the process.

☞ Generals Grant and Pemberton were some years ago both Lieutenants in the regular army, and were stationed at Detroit.

A WORD FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

History speaks of some States which made considerable fresh of conferring titles of honor equally in the matter of state defence, we deem it proper to devote some brief space to "the rest of mankind" on the subject of their strictures in that behalf. First, then, we remind the latter that Pennsylvania was once in possession of a splendid body of troops, organized for her special protection. That body is known to history by its brilliant fighting in almost every battle in Virginia since Bull Run, as the "Pennsylvania Reserves." It was organized strictly for state defence, and at state expense. It was the offspring of the sagacious foresight and the munificent liberality of this Commonwealth. At the first call for men to defend the National Capital her teeming valleys overflowed with volunteers, and the excess was subdivided into a military organization, armed, equipped and maintained out of her own treasury. Then she was capable of defence. But when McDowell's army was overthrown and almost annihilated at Bull Run, and the national authorities called for instant help to save the capital, Pennsylvania contributed her *only* state corps to the defence of the nation, *for the whole war*. Fifteen thousand nine hundred men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, as magnificent a division of disciplined soldiers and fighting men as this nation ever saw, marched at once to Washington and saved it and the honor of the country, in that dark hour. But Pennsylvania, in doing this, stripped herself bare, so far as the state defence was concerned, for she had not then, and has not possessed since, any other local military organization. Her legislators, by their criminal neglect, have left her without a military system, by which she can command the service of a single organized brigade. That is her misfortune, not her fault. In these two facts, the want of a militia system, and her contribution to the national service for the whole war, of her splendid and powerful corps of state "Reserves," will be found the explanation of much of that which the New York and Boston journals are pleased to call the apathy of her "Dutch farmers." We indulge the hope that some of the newspapers who dealt largely in the ungenerous strictures to which we refer, will make a note of these remarks. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE GRAVE OF BUNYAN.

The grave of Bunyan is thus described by a correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector:—

"Bunyan lies in Bunhill Fields, a cemetery crowded with graves and thick with monuments and slabs. Asking a lad whom I met if he could point me to Bunyan's grave:

"'Yes,' said he, 'there he lies, covered with a sheet.'

"Taking the direction pointed out, I soon stood by the grave and the monument of the inimitable allegorist. And there indeed he did lie, wrapped in a cloak, with a book under his arm, sleeping and dreaming—here out of white marble on the slab which covers his grave. On the monument is this simple but sufficient inscription:

"'JOHN BUNYAN,

The author of Pilgrim's Progress.'

"On one side, chiselled in the stone, is Pilgrim, with his burden, leaning on his staff, with a countenance of deepest anguish. On the opposite side is Pilgrim grasping the cross, his eyes gazing on it, his burden rolled off at his feet, and his countenance radiant with peace and joy."

RETURNS OF INCOME.

Persons who are making up the returns of their income for the assessors, are not obliged to return to the assessor the several sources of their income as indicated on the forms which have been distributed. These forms are intended to aid the individual in determining the tax for which he is liable, and the details need not be returned to the assessor at all, but only the gross amount, as indicated on page four of the printed forms. This decision of the Commissioner will commend itself to the good judgment and approval of all who have the honor of receiving one of the assessor's blanks.

UNDERSTANDING THE NOTES.—It is said that when Dr. Thomas Scott, the commentator, published an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with explanatory notes appended, he presented a copy to a pious and worthy couple in his parish, whose whole stock of literature was such as they had acquired from the perusal of the Bible. On calling upon them some time after, he naturally inquired how they liked the book? Their reply was that they were delighted with it, and understood it all perfectly, except the *notes*.

☞ It is stated that fresh water salmon are caught at Ellsworth, Me. It is said that they went up the Union River, on which Ellsworth is situated, many years ago, before the mills and the dams were built, remained there, could not get back, and so concluded to stay and multiply.

☞ We lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour through the mines, conjugating, or rather cogitating thus:—"Positive, mine; comparative miner; superlative minus!"

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

THE GENERAL AND THE PRIVATE.

Last winter the wife of one of our Philadelphia Generals, who was with her husband in camp, paid daily visits to his division hospital. She brought to her husband's attention the needs of his men, and he was prompt to send to Washington for such articles of comfort as could not be obtained nearer. Among those cases which especially interested her was that of a young private in a New Jersey Regiment, about sixteen years of age, who was lying very low with typhoid fever, and who, but for a woman's presence and attention, might never have been restored to health again. The young lad appreciated the cooling drinks and kind nursing, and became devotedly attached to the General's wife. She returned to her home previous to the battle, scarce expecting ever to hear from her charge again.—But after the battle of Chancellorville, this humane General visited his hospital to look after his wounded men, and was greeted by the bright face of the lad, who lay on his back in his cot, as he said:—

"Oh, General! how glad I am to see you again."

"Why are you here?" answered the General; "how came that about?"

"I went into the fight, General, and I lost one of my legs; but that is nothing now that you are safe. Why, we thought we had lost you at one time."

Is it any wonder that at such a manifestation of self forgetfulness and heroism, the General was obliged to turn away his head to conceal his emotion? Brave as a lion, collected under all circumstances, singularly reticent, he was not equal to that emergency—for there was a little tremulousness in his voice as he told the lad that he would provide for him one of Palmer's best legs as soon as he was able to bear it. Gen. Murray will not thank us for this notice, for he is not an ostentatious man; but the spirit manifested, creditable alike to the General and the private, should be recorded for others to emulate; and to stimulate the women of the country to early and late for the comfort of our brave soldiers. Only those who have visited the field hospitals can testify to the destitution that too often exists there.

At this hour the women of Philadelphia have an urgent call made upon them. The comforts and luxuries that they provide may minister to the necessities of their own husbands, sons or brothers. Yesterday demands were made upon the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut Street, for medicines, stimulants, nourishing food, &c., &c., to be sent without delay to the border. Special agents have already been dispatched by them.—*Philadelphia Inquirer, June 19th.*

We must not omit to record a pleasing incident of the last week. As a regiment, on its way to Harrisburg, for the defence of the State, passed the rooms of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch, enthusiastic cheers were given by them for the women of the United States Sanitary Commission. This token of appreciation was very pleasant to the ladies who were at the rooms; some of whom had already sent their sons to the border—boys of 16 or 18, who had never known a hardship. Is it any wonder that the mothers who held the fluttering handkerchiefs, turned their faces aside to wipe away the flowing tears?

We copy a portion of a letter written by Mrs. J. S. Colt, of Milwaukee, sent to us by a friend in Michigan. Her appeal to the women of Wisconsin answers equally well for the women of every state. The letter was written after a visit paid by her to every post, regiment and field hospital in and near Murfreesboro.

"The great difficulty now to our surgeons and with our men is home sickness—medicines are then useless. If the men are not all heroes, let the women try to be all heroines! And let me beg every woman to write to the soldiers cheerfully, encouragingly and heroically, or not at all. If they knew the effect of their letters of condolence and complaint they would be more careful. A soldier came to me in Nashville, choking with emotion, his wife very sick and he unable to go to her. I promised to write and have her cared for, and it was only by reiterated promises that the letter should be sent at once that he was soothed and dried his tears. As soon as my letter reached Wisconsin she was perfectly well, and no doubt sorry she had written while feeling ill and lonely. I was surprised that letters from home sometimes pain instead of cure.

"Women of Wisconsin! Our country, bleeding at every pore, needs her soldiers, and needs them to be brave and cheerful, and we look to you to keep them so. It is better than any labor of love you can do. If you must grieve, keep it from your sons and husbands; it is an unwomanly way, and unworthy our country's noble daughters. And let me assure you, that inevitable as are the horrors of war, everything is done by our Government for the wants of her soldiers—and when she, from her ponderous machinery works slowly, the U. S. Sanitary Commission, with its quick messengers of mercy, is always ready; and our own state, with her peculiar tenderness for her men, stands by to sympathize, to help, but I trust never to weaken."

We have been applied to for recipes for condensed milk and concentrated meat; but upon inquiry we find that it is a great waste of time and material to prepare either, excepting in those establishments where professional workmen are employed for the purpose.

The Juvenile Societies will doubtless respond to the request for slippers, and if they can provide stout leather soles to each pair, it will render their contributions much more serviceable. Of edibles now most needed, we would place butter and eggs foremost on the list. A few pounds of fresh butter carefully soldered up in a tin can, would be a gift precious as gold to a convalescent soldier, and many a housewife could find a donation in this form, though she might not be able to spare enough to fill a keg or a firkin. Each can, whatever its contents, should be marked plainly with *black paint*, and every bottle sent to the army labelled distinctly, and the label *pasted on and dampened dried* before packing.—*Cleveland Herald.*

CAMP SHARPTER, ON STONE RIVER, TENN., April 30th, 1863.

DR. A. L. CASLEMAN—

Dear Sir: Having had some practical acquaintance with the working of the Western Branch of the Sanitary Commission for nearly twenty months, I deem it my duty, as a surgeon in the army, to express the high appreciation I feel of the efficient benevolence of your organization.

I was, I confess, considerably prejudiced against the operation of the Commission at the start. In the autumn of 1861, the approach of cold weather, coupled with the fact that my supply of bed clothing was entirely insufficient to keep my sick comfortable, led me to look around anxiously for the means to meet the emergency. Government supplies were not available. At this time your Commission, co-operating with the good ladies of our state, stepped in and supplied the want which Government, with the immense demand on its energies and resources, had not been able to meet. Our shivering sick were made comfortable, and I was relieved of a heavy care. I have never ceased to be grateful. This spring when scurvy appeared in our command your Commission furnished us the first and most efficient means for combating it, viz: fresh vegetables. Government is doing its best now but red tape tangles the feet of benevolence.

The many home comforts which through you have so promptly reached the sick and wounded in the field, *and which could not have been otherwise supplied*, have made us feel that patriotic benevolence is a power in the land, and the Sanitary Commission its legitimate mode of expression in the army.

You have encountered immense obstacles in your progress, and nobly surmounted them. Much benevolent, self-denying contribution, doubtless has been wasted in the commencement, owing to want of knowledge of what was most needed, and the best way to apply the means. Sometimes it may have been unfaithfully died by unprincipled surgeons. But I think the instances are much more rare than has been imagined.

Our profession has been much slandered in the army. Mean, unprincipled men, do sometimes get into our hospitals as patients. When their appetites are held in restraint by the judicious surgeon, he is often doubtless maliciously charged with using for himself what he prevents them from unwisely or selfishly consuming. In the providence of God, good and evil seem to go side by side, that mankind may see and learn the beauty of the one and the hideousness of the other. Your Commission, noble and pure as are its objects and labors, seems to be no exception to this general law. History will note the advent of your organization as an epoch marking the advance of mankind to a higher civilization, and coming generations will be blessed.

It is the first systematic organized national effort, by voluntary agencies and contributions, to mitigate the horrors of war, that the world has ever witnessed. A nation with such an interior life cannot be destroyed. The world cannot do it. God, the Infinitely Just and Loving, will protect such a people.

Go on then in your good work. The time will come when those who have refused to assist, will be ashamed to have it known that they stood aloof. The self-denying contributors to the relief of the brave defenders of the nation's life will enjoy abundant recompense in the approbation of the good, and the consciousness of having acted in harmony with the noblest impulse of humanity. Respectfully yours, &c.,

E. H. BOWMAN,
Surg. 27th Ill. and Brig. Surg.
3rd Div. 20th Army Corps.

DONATIONS.

☞ CALEB COPE, TREASURER OF THE United States Sanitary Commission, Northeast corner of MINOR and SIXTH streets, acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions since the last report:—

Louis A. Godey (additional)	$10 00
W. A. Blanchard (additional)	50 00
Commercial Bank (additional)	100 00
From a "Friend"—left at the depository	100 00
Montrose Soldiers' Aid Society	5 00
Charles D. Meigs, M. D.	50 00
Bank of the Northern Liberties (ad'nal)	100 00
Girard Bank (additional)	100 00
Bender, Delany & Adamson (second contribution)	100 00
Mrs. Ann Hertzog (additional)	100 00
Mrs. William Stuart	1 00
Mrs. William Slaymaker	2 00
	$718 00
Previously reported	$71,165 31
Total	$71,883 31

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge also the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Towels, Miss E. W. Biddle.
1 outfit from a deceased soldier, named Murray Wharton, through Mrs. P. Doster.
Needle cases, Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, E. H. Haven.
Clothing, Mrs. Warner Johnson's Sewing Circle, School Lane.
Needle cases, St. James's Church, through Miss Greene, 828 Walnut.
Clothing, Aid Society, Church of Epiphany.
1 box, Crown street Hospital, Mrs. S. A. Cochran.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Stroudsburg, Monroe county. M. Stokes, Sec'y.
Pillows, Trinity Church, Oxford, Miss A. Buchanan, Sec'y.
1½ barrels, Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Miss E. C. Blackman.
Handkerchiefs, old muslin, a Friend.
1 box Coudersport, Potter county.
Clothing, etc., Soldiers' Aid, Eleventh Baptist Church.
Socks, Mrs. J. Rhea Barton.
Clothing, Broad and Cherry streets Hospital.
Clothing, delicacies, etc., Mrs. B. H. Moore.
Jellies, etc., Mrs. G. C. Franciscus.
Clothing 6 barrels potatoes, Aid Society, Wellsboro, Tioga county.
1 box clothing, &c., boys and girls, Wellsboro, Tioga county.
1 box clothing, etc., 2 barrels potatoes, Aid Society, Charleston, Tioga county.
1 barrel eggs, 2 kegs pickles, jellies, Patriot Daughters of Lititz, F. W. Christ.
1 box, Ladies of Gibbon Street Mission Society.
1 box clothing, Calvary Church, Germantown.
Clothing, jellies, etc., Mrs. J. Vaughn, Manchester, Southborough.
Clothing, etc., Mrs. Penrose, Mt. Holly, N. J.
Clothing, 1 barrel dried fruit, Lucky Aid, Mullica Hill, N. Jersey, L. S. Atkinson, Sec'y.
Old linen, Mrs. Toy.
2 barrels tin cans, Episcopal Hospital.
Linen, etc., Sewing Relief Association, First Presbyterian Church.
1 box lemons, ½ barrel crackers, etc., Mrs. J. B. Heed, Spruce street.
Reading matter, a little boy.
1 package, Miss Widdifield.
Spirits, etc., Young Ladies Miss Smith's School.
1 box, Mrs. C. S. Coxe, Phila.
1 package, Mrs. Luther.
Slings, Rifle Rangers, Phila.
1 package, Prof. S. C. Booth.
1 package, Soldiers' Aid Society, Church of Saviour, S. H. Goddard.
1 package, Mrs. Hill.
3 packages, St. Luke's Auxiliary, Mrs. I. James.
1 box, 1 barrel, Kennett Aid Society.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Pottsville.
1 box, 1 barrel, Forrestville, Mrs. Dr. Scott, Cor. Sec'y.

AMUSING EXTRACTS

From Washington Irving's Letters.

These letters strongly exhibit the many pleasing traits of his character—his love of retirement and shrinking from public honors; his deep affection for his family, and love of home—"dear little Sunnyside;" his generosity and warm attachment to his friends, and his quiet, genial humor. As a specimen of his whimsical humor, take the following most curiously original benediction. It is in reply to information that one of his friends had submitted to a surgical operation, which had ended favorably:—

God bless these surgeons and dentists! May their good deeds be returned upon them a thousandfold! May they have the felicity, in the next world, to have successful operations performed upon them to all eternity!

In a diplomatic despatch to Mr. Webster, speaking of the frequent changes in the Spanish Cabinet, amounting in the Department of State "to two and a half ministers per annum," Mr. Irving remarks:—

It gives a startling idea of the interruptions to which an extended negotiation with this government must be subject.

* * * *

This consumption of Ministers is appalling.

* * * *

To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries, is like bargaining at the window of a railroad car; before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight.

* * * *

But perhaps the following incident best displays the genial nature of the man, and the manner in which he made friends wherever he went. He is steaming from Barcelona to Marseilles, and writing to his sister, says:—

On board the steamer we have a joyous party of Catalans, gentlemen and ladies, who are bound to St. Filian, a town on the coast, where there is to be held some annual *fete*. They have all the gayety and animation which distinguish the people of these provinces.

While I am writing at a table in the cabin, I am sensible of the power of a pair of splendid Spanish eyes which are occasionally flashing upon me, and which almost seem to throw a light upon the paper. Since I cannot break the spell, I will describe the owner of them. She is a young married lady, about four or five and twenty, middle sized, finely modelled, a Grecian outline of face, a complexion sallow, yet healthful, raven black hair, large and full, large, and bashing, softened by long eyelashes, lips full and rosy red, yet finely chiselled, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. She is dressed in black, as if in mourning; on one hand is a black glove; the other hand, ungloved, is small, exquisitely formed, with taper fingers and blue veins. She has just put it up to adjust her clustering black locks. I never saw female hand more exquisite. Really, if I were a young man I should not be able to draw the portrait of this beautiful creature so calmly.

I was interrupted in my letter writing, by an observation of the lady whom I was describing. She had caught my eye occasionally, as it glanced from my letter toward her. "Really, Senor," said she, at length, with a smile, "one would think you were a painter, taking my likeness." I could not resist the impulse. "Indeed," said I, "I am taking it; I am writing to a friend the other side of the world, discussing things that are passing before me, and I could not help noting down one of the best specimens of the country that I had met with." A little bantering took place between the young lady, her husband and myself, which ended in my reading off, as well as I could into Spanish, the description I had just written down. It occasioned a world of merriment, and was taken in excellent part. The lady's cheek, for once, mantled with the rose. She laughed, shook her head, and said I was a very fanciful portrait painter; and the husband declared that, if I would stop at St. Filian, all the ladies in the place would crowd to me to have their portraits taken—my pictures were so flattering. I have just parted with them. The steamship stopped in the open sea, just in front of the little bay of St. Filian; boats came off from the shore for the party. I helped the beautiful original of the portrait into the boat, and promised her and her husband, if ever I should come to St. Filian, I would pay them a visit. The last I noticed of her, was a Spanish farewell of her beautiful white hand, and the gleam of her dazzling teeth as she smiled adieu. So there's a very tolerable touch of romance for a gentleman of my years.

LONG STAGE ROUTE.—The longest stage-route in the world is the one between Atchison, in Kansas, and Placerville, in California—1,915 miles. The fare is $200—10½ cents a mile. Ben. Halladay is sub-contractor from Atchison to Salt Lake City, and Louis M'Lean from that point to Placerville. The service employs 200 stages, and over 3,000 horses and mules, besides a legion of superintendents, division agents, station keepers and messengers.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS CHASE

IN DETROIT RIVER.

The hippopotamus, which is on exhibition with a circus travelling west, has enjoyed the luxury of a swim in the Detroit river. From the Detroit Free Press of Tuesday we select the following account of the novel sight:

It seems that in the transit of the circus now performing here from Buffalo to this city, it became necessary to send the elephants and the hippopotamus on a propeller, and they were accordingly shipped on board the S. D. Caldwell. On Monday afternoon as the steamer was nearing this port, a scene of great excitement occurred, which nearly resulted in the escape of the huge behemoth or hippopotamus, belonging to G. C. Quick, Esq., and at present forming one of the attractions of B. F. Bailey's quadruple circus.

The huge beast was shipped from Buffalo on board the steamer, and as it was impossible to get his immense cage on board, that was sent by land while his Behemothship, accompanied by Ali, the Egyptian, his captor and keeper, proceeded by water to Detroit. During the voyage it was noticed that the animal continually looked longingly toward the water, as though he would have given one of his eye teeth for a plunge into the depths of the lake and ramble about its unexplored bottom. No one supposed however that he would yield to his amphibious tastes, and so no extra watch was set upon him.

As the steamer neared the city, and when about three miles below the fort, a crash and then a splash were heard from the side of the bow toward the American shore. Everybody rushed to the spot. The place where the hippopotamus had been confined was empty. The beast, no longer able to resist the temptation, had burst his bonds and plunged into the river, resolved on an aquatic excursion.

The owner, who was on board, looked the picture of despair. Forty thousand dollars, to say nothing of a large amount of prospective profits, had suddenly vamoosed. As for Ali, the Egyptian keeper, he was nearly frantic. In a few moments, however, the monstrous head of the huge beast appeared above the surface of the water. A great shout arose, and Ali was with great difficulty prevented from jumping overboard in pursuit of his companion and beloved pet, while a boat was lowered into which he jumped and rowed towards the beast, who swam about in an ecstacy of delight.

As the Egyptian commenced calling him by familiar names, at the sound of his voice the monster stopped, looked around, and seemed to wait for the boat to near him, but just as it appeared within reaching distance the hippopotamus gave a plunge and once more disappeared, leaving a whirlpool of seething water to mark the spot where he had gone down. Nothing was now seen of him for a long time, and they were about giving him up for lost, when he suddenly made his appearance about one hundred yards off, but nearer the shore than at first. All again rowed towards him, calling him as before, but again the beast dodged him, and dove to the bottom of the river. All now made a large circuit with his boat, in hopes of taking him by surprise, as he came up to breathe, but, as if aware of his intentions, the hippopotamus rose at a long distance off and looked at his master cunningly and with an expression which seemed to say, "No you don't."

For the third time All started in pursuit with a result similar to that which had attended his other attempts to recapture his pet. When he went down the third time All paused, evidently completely nonplussed, and seemingly overcome by grief and despair. In a second, however, he seized the oars and rowed towards the steamer. "Try de dog!" he shouted as he came alongside; "git me de dog!" A large black mastiff, which has been trained to sleep in the cage of the hippopotamus, and for whom he has for a long time evinced much affection, had been keeping up a continued howling from the time his companion had escaped, was now loosened, and he instantly plunged into the river, and swam after Ali as he moved off. In about a minute the hippopotamus again stuck his huge head out of the water, and on seeing him, the dog gave a wild bark, and swam in his direction very rapidly, Ali accompanying him in the boat. At last the dog reached the monster, and with a series of barks, commenced swimming round the animal, and finally struck out for the shore, the hippopotamus following.

The interest excited by this scene was intense, which continued to increase until the dog and hippopotamus reached the American shore in safety. Ali was not long after, and the animal was no sooner on *terra firma* than the Egyptian, armed with a small rawhide, which he had taken with him, jumped on the beach, and going to the animal, spoke a few words in the Egyptian tongue, gave him a few smart cuts over his ponderous rump with the rawhide, and drove him without further difficulty to a place of safety, where he was at once secured and the proper means adopted to have him brought to this city, where he now is, in fine condition after his frolic beneath the waves.

☞ An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

In 1777, when the British General Burgoyne, with his army, was marching from Canada along the western boundary of Vermont, a woman whose husband was in the American army, set out for the grist-mill, accompanied with her horse, which carried the grist on his back. The road which she travelled was lonely, being nearly all the way through thick woods. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when she left home, and as she had been there many times before in the afternoon, she thought she had sufficient time to carry out her plans successfully. She was well aware that if any obstacle should arise to impede her progress, and to detain her till dark, she might meet with trouble. Unfortunately, when she arrived at the mill, a distance of about four miles from home, she found that she would be obliged to wait an hour and a half for her grist. At first she thought she would return without it; but a second thought told her that if she did this, her children would have to go without their supper. Finally she made up her mind to run the risk of being overhauled by wild beasts. Leaving the mill as soon as her grist was ready, she proceeded on her homeward voyage as rapidly as possible, lest night should overtake her before she got half way to her destination. Distant howlings in the wilderness told her that she had not passed unobserved. They continued to grow nearer. She used every means to urge her horse along with speed. The drove of wolves at the head of her horse were every few minutes receiving additional reinforcement along the path. Things were coming to a crisis; she saw plainly that in all probability she could not reach her home before she and her horse would be overwhelmed, and fall a sacrifice to the wolves. But just then she thought of a motive which might save her own life by leaving the horse and grist of corn to its own fate. But she found this was her last chance. She accordingly steered her horse under some trees whose branches came so near the ground, that by rising from the horse she could reach them, and at a full gallop the horse turned under them, and she by a dexterous leap, succeeded in catching hold of a branch, and climbed up into the tree, while the horse, with the remainder of it, was off, closely pursued by the wolves. The poor horse, relieved of a part of his load, reached home. The gallant woman remained in the tree until all was quiet; the wolves not seeing her when she came down, and gained her home safe about an hour after the horse.

☞ In Peru the question is popped in the following romantic manner:—The suitor appears on the appointed evening, with a gayly-dressed troubadour, under the balcony of his beloved. The singer steps before her flower-bedecked window, and sings her beauties in the name of her lover. He compares her size to that of a palm tree, her lips to two blushing rose-buds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness the lady asks the lover:—

"Who are you, and what do you want?" He answers, with ardent confidence—"The dove I do adore! The stars live in the harmony of love, and why should not we, too, love each other?" Then the proud beauty gives herself away; she takes her flower-wreath from her hair, and throws it down to her lover promising to be his forever.

☞ There is no accounting for the oddities of temper; all we can do is to curb our own, and bear with that of others.

☞ Spurgeon, the eminent Baptist clergyman of London, has published five hundred sermons. Of these sermons eight million copies are in circulation. One wealthy gentleman, a zealous friend of Spurgeon, has alone circulated each year over a quarter of a million of copies. Since he has been pastor, Spurgeon has baptized three thousand persons.

☞ A singular circumstance occurred at Avon, New York, recently. A Mrs. Baker was in her garden when suddenly she heard a buzzing in the air, and upon looking up saw a swarm of bees coming directly towards her. She stood still, and the whole swarm alighted on her sun-bonnet. With due presence of mind Mrs. B. removed the bonnet and placed it on a stick, took them to a hive and secured them without assistance.

☞ The poet's or the conqueror's wreath is poor compared with that made for us by the encircling arms of those we love, and especially of those who *love us*.

☞ In a case which came before the House of Lords on the 21st ult., the will of Richard I. was produced in evidence, and it was stated to contain the earliest known autograph of any of the kings of England. The royal signature was a cross, followed by the words "Le Roy."

THE REBEL FLAG.—The Rebel Congress at their last session adopted a new, and certainly a very handsome flag—a white ground, with a bright red union, the latter crossed diagonally with blue stripes, with white stars on the stripe. The law directed that it should be adopted on the first of July, and then hoisted for the first time on all her ships and forts. The Arabs, however, in honor of what she thought was to be a certain capture of the Wechawken and Nahant, hoisted it in anticipation of the appointed day, but instead of its continuing to float in triumph, it was hauled down in defeat. The fate of the flag, on this its first display in action, is a bad omen for its future success.

LATEST NEWS.

BATTLE NEAR GETTYSBURG.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 2, 1863.—The enemy attacked our position here this morning, and a severe battle has been raging since 4 o'clock. Longstreet's right wing, Hill's centre and Ewell's left, and thereby other parts of the line, are engaged. The battle is now raging fiercely along the whole line, and is apparently growing in fierceness. Our men are fighting with the most determined bravery, and the enemy's dead and wounded are strewn over the field in great numbers. Nothing can surpass the vigor and precision of our artillery.

Yesterday the rebels took two of our guns for the want of horses and an infantry support, but the Artillerists temporarily left them, and recovered them. We took one gun from the enemy.

THE A. M.—The commanding has shelled. The rebel prisoners say that when their infantry charged on our left wing batteries yesterday, the enemy was in a pond parallel. Some of our guns were masked, and did not open on the enemy until they were within canister range.

At about 8 o'clock last night the Florida brigade of Gen. Longstreet's division, with a Brigadier General in command, advanced to within our lines and gave themselves up with their colors.

Both sides lost heavily, probably aggregating fifty thousand—30,000 Union and 20,000 rebel. It is reported that we have captured from 12,000 to 20,000 prisoners.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 5, 8.30 A. M.—To Major-Gen. Halleck: —The enemy retired under cover of the night and heavy rain, in the direction of Fairfield and Cashtown. My cavalry is in pursuit.

I cannot give you the details of our captures in prisoners, colors, and arms.

Upwards of twenty battle-flags will be turned in from our corps.

My wounded, and those of the enemy, are in our hands. G. G. MEADE,
Major-General.

NEW YORK, July 5.—The Tribune has the following special despatch:

BALTIMORE, July 5.—The news from Gen. Meade's army is to 12 o'clock to-day. The late victory grows brighter and brighter. The enemy is in full retreat towards Chambersburg and Greencastle. It is thought that Lee will strain every nerve to reach Hagerstown, and it is thought that his aim is to reach Williamsport, and thence escape into Virginia.

Intercepted despatches give the information that Beauregard is in Richmond, and perhaps on his way to Culpeper.

Gen. Meade is harassing Lee with cavalry, and following close in pursuit.

BALTIMORE, July 6—2 A. M.—The American has intelligence from the battle field up to ten o'clock this morning. The rebels are represented as holding a position in the mountains near Cashtown, and fortifying. Gen. Meade has advanced to the enemy's lines, and there has been some skirmishing but no battle.

Gen. Pleasanton has captured a large train of the enemy, and many prisoners.

Lee has left all his wounded in our hands, and thousands of dead. He is believed to be retreating towards Hancock.

There is no truth in the report of the capture of Longstreet and Hill. There is a dead Major-General in our hands, but his name is not known. The enemy is undoubtedly seeking to escape.

At the close of the action Lee sent in a flag of truce, asking a suspension of hostilities, to bury his dead and exchange prisoners. Gen. Meade replied that he intended to recapture all the prisoners, and would bury their dead for them.

FREDERICK, Md., July 4, 8 P. M.—To Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief: An expedition sent out by me has just returned having entirely destroyed the enemy's pontoon bridge over the Potomac at Williamsport, capturing the guard, consisting of a lieutenant and 13 men. W. H. FRENCH,
Major-General.

The President has issued a short congratulatory address to the country on the success of the army under Gen. Meade.

Gen. Couch's troops from Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey, under the command of Gens. Smith and Pierce, are moving to the front, and are officially co-operating with Gen. Meade.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Official despatches from Vicksburg to the 29th ult., have been received. Everything was then going on cheeringly.

The City of Mexico was occupied by the French on the 10th of June, Juarez retiring to San Luis Potosi.

MURFREESBORO, July 4—3 P. M.—Bragg evacuated Tullahoma this afternoon, dismounting and spiking his heavy guns, and is in full retreat to Chattanooga. Our troops hold Shelbyville and Guy's Gaps.

☞ The Charleston blockade is now said to be perfect. The mode in which this object has been attained is very simple, and is as consonant with law as it is simple. Instead of attempting to capture as prizes the vessels trying to run the blockade, our blockaders, on espying them, pour broadside after broadside into them until they sink or surrender. Several vessels trying to run the blockade have thus been destroyed recently, and this policy will hereafter be carried out at Charleston.—It diminishes the chances of our gallant tars for getting prize-money, but it makes blockade-running much more perilous than heretofore.

EPIGRAM.

"L." writes very little; 'tis strange, is it not?
I'll tell you the why and the wherefore;
He cares not a fig for the fame he has got,
And—he hasn't a fig's worth to care for.

TWO DAYS.

Too late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late!
You loitered on the road too long,
You trifled at the gate:
The enchanted door upon her breath
Died without a mate:
The enchanted princess in her tower
Slept—died behind the grate;
Her heart was starving all this while
You make it well.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
One year ago,
Even then you had arrived in time,
Though somewhat slow.
The frozen fountains would have leaped,
The buds gone on to blow,
The warm south wind would have awaked
To melt the snow,
And life have been a cordial "Yes,"
Instead of dreary "No."

Is she fair now as she was?
Once she was fair;
Most queen for any kingly king
With gold-dust on her hair.
Now those are poppies in her locks,
White poppies she must wear;
Must wear a veil to shroud her face
And the want graven there;
Or is the hunger fed at length,
Cast off the care?

We never saw her with a smile
Or with a frown;
Her bed seemed never soft to her,
Though tossed of down;
She little heeded what she wore,
Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;
We think her white brows often ached
Beneath her crown,
Till silvery hairs showed in her locks
That used to be so brown.

We never heard her speak in haste:
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet:
Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street.
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet;
There was no bliss drew nigh to her,
That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday,
Wasting upon her bed:
But wherefore should you weep to-day
That she is dead?
Say, we who love weep not to-day,
But crown her royal head.
Let be these poppies that we strew,
Your roses are too red:
Let be these poppies, not for you
Cut down and spread.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE CRY IN THE DARK.

It was on Windermere, one sunny evening last autumn but one, that the following adventure was told me by a kindly middle-aged gentleman, whose pleasant acquaintance I had made at the hotel where I was staying. We had come out with the intention of fishing, and were anchored about twenty yards off shore on the farther side of the lake; but finding the perch in no humor to bite while the sun was so high, we sat chatting and smoking, and watching the purple shadows steal slowly up the sides of the great hills that guard the head of the lake, biding our time patiently till the fish should be hungry enough to be tempted by our bait. I had been taking a walking tour through Lakeland, and my companion had made the ascent of Fairfield on the previous day; so that our conversation, working gradually round from divergent points, at length fell naturally on pedestrianism, and the amount of health and pleasure to be derived from travelling through a country on foot; and it was upon this hint that my companion spoke as follows:

When I was a young fellow (said he,) that is to say, more than thirty summers ago, I was as fond of walking tours as anybody. The first I ever took was through Cornwall, when I was but a lad of seventeen; on which occasion I met with a little adventure which, with your good pleasure, I will relate to you as soon as I have lighted another cigar.

With a six weeks holiday in view before returning to the drudgery of my father's office, and with a purse not badly supplied, I set out on my tour, determined to enjoy myself after my own free and independent fashion; and to thoroughly explore the romantic country I had chosen as the scene of my wanderings, which was at that time little better than a *terra incognita* to the ordinary run of tourists, who firmly believed they had seen everything that was worth seeing after staying for a few hours in each of the principal towns, and viewing the intermediate country from the top of a coach, or the windows of a post-chaise. For my part, I disdained all guide-books and road maps; and never knew, when I set out in a morning, what spot would be my resting-place at night. I delighted in cross roads, and country lanes, and sheep tracks among the hills; nay footpath or bye-way that led from the dusty prosaic high-road had allurements for me that I could rarely resist. I had been leading this pleasant sort of life for about a fortnight, gradually working my way southward towards the sea, when late one afternoon—a gloomy overcast afternoon it well remember—I overtook a peddler leaning his little, diminutive box, with a box hanging from a strap over his shoulder; and as the road was very lonely, and we both happened to be going the same way, we naturally fell into conversation; for in those days I was always ready to make the acquaintance of anybody. The road we were travelling was little more than a bridle path among the hills which I had taken by chance, neither knowing nor caring whither it might lead me; and it was to such effect that I answered my companion, when he asked me for what place I was bound. He greeted my answer with a smile, and a little shrug of the shoulders, which might either be one of pity at the idea of any rational being finding pleasure or profit in such aimless wanderings, or one of disbelief at what he perhaps considered a too transparent attempt to impose upon his credulity. After trudging along in silence for a short time, he remarked that he was bound for a certain town which he named, some dozen miles away; that he had taken the road through the hills, hoping to find it a near cut; that he had never been that way before; and that he had heard there was a roadside inn some mile or two further on, where we could probably obtain accommodation for the night, as it would be dark in less than an hour, and to attempt to find one's way across the moors after dark would be the height of folly. He concluded by asking me whether I did not want a splendid gold watch, or a chain, or a ring, or a breastpin, or a set of studs—any or all of which he would let me have at a ridiculously low figure. Finding all his attempts to trade of no avail, he shrugged his shoulders again, pulled up his box a little higher on his back, and, becoming *bon camarade* on the instant, offered me his box full of choice foreign tobacco, and suggested a friendly pipe as the best alleviation of the toils of the way; a proposition to which I readily agreed, for, young as I was, I had learnt the art of smoking. And so, walking, smoking, and chatting pleasantly together, an hour or more sped quickly away; and I hardly knew how nearly dark it was till my companion pointed to a faint light shining in the distance, and declared that it must proceed from the inn of which we were in quest. I have said nothing hitherto as to the personal appearance of my peddler friend. In person he was thin and wiry, with keen mobile features, sharpened and intensified by the close bargaining of many years. In age he might be fifty, or rather more; and his hair and beard, both of them long and tangled, and once black, were now fast becoming gray. He wore small, gold circlets through his ears. He spoke good English, but with a slight foreign accent; and, finally, I gathered from his brass-lettered box that his name was Max Jacoby.

Toiling slowly upward, we at length reached the summit of the hill, and found ourselves close to the inn of which we were in search. The light we had seen so far away proceeded from a lantern suspended from the roof of a rude shed close to the inn, where a tall, brawny young savage, of most forbidding aspect, was effecting some rude repairs to a rickety tumble-down cart. There was a light, too, in at least one room of the inn, as we saw through a chink in the wooden shutter with which the window was jealously guarded; otherwise the place seemed dark, silent, and tenantless. On inquiring of the young savage whether we could be accommodated for the night, he replied that he did not know, but that we had better knock at the door and ask the master. Not being in the habit of knocking at the doors of country inns, I lifted the latch, intending to walk in without ceremony; but finding the door would not yield to my efforts, I was obliged, after all, to accept the suggestion offered me, and knock. A delay of half a minute or so, and then the door was opened as far as the chain within would allow, and the landlord stood before us and inquired what we wanted. Could he accommodate us for the night? we asked. He rubbed his hand slowly over his chin, mused a moment, and then replied that he thought he could perhaps do so, unfastening the chain at the same time to admit us.

We found ourselves in a room of considerable size, poorly furnished with a few chairs, and two tables of the commonest kind, but looking cheerful just then in the light of the large fire burning in a grate at one end of the room. Jacoby drew a chair up to the fire with an air of enjoyment, and relieved himself of his box, placing it close by his side where he could keep a half-eye constantly upon it, requesting me at the same time to order what I pleased for supper. The landlord had disappeared into an inner room or kitchen, from which there now issued, in answer to my summons, a tall, big-boned mulatto woman, attired in a check cotton gown, and having a red 'kerchief bound round her head. This apparition was so unexpected, and seemed to me so ludicrous and out of place in a lonely Cornish inn, that I could not help bursting into an irrepressible fit of laughter as the woman stepped forward into the room; but the dark scowl that chased away the good-natured grin with which she had just greeted me, warned me not to carry my amusement too far. On strict inquiry, the capabilities of the house resolved themselves into an unlimited supply of eggs and bacon; so we were fain to give our orders accordingly. After the remnants of the meal had been cleared away, the landlord himself entered the room to ask what we would like to drink. Certainly a very low, smooth, insinuating voice, very different from that of a rude country landlord. He was a large-built, fleshy man, with a red, fresh-colored, whiskerless face, which gave you at the first glance the idea of great good-nature, combined with an equal amount of soulful indolence; but when those heavy overhanging lids were fairly raised, and you caught a full glance from the gray restless eyes beneath them—restless and treacherous as those of a tiger—then you felt that there was something more than somnolent good nature about this man,—that there was an iron will to do and to dare beneath that impassive exterior.

Jacoby chose some whiskey on the landlord's recommendation, and I ordered a tumbler of the same, more for "the good of the house," as the saying is, than because I cared to drink it. On Jacoby's invitation the landlord came and joined us; for the peddler was fond of society, and probably thought he saw some chance of driving a bargain; at all events, after imbibing a glass or two of whiskey, he grew more talkative than ever, and at last lifted his box on to his knees, opened it, and spread out on the table a quantity of cheap jewelry, which looked very bright and glittering by candlelight, but was, in reality, of very small intrinsic value; and endeavored, by a voluble and energetic harangue, to tempt the landlord into becoming a purchaser. That calm and sententious individual examined the baubles one by one, replaced them carefully on the table, and ended by expressing his opinion of them by a little silent laugh, and two or three extra puffs from his pipe; thereby intimating, as plainly as though he had said so in as many words, "Rubbish, every bit of it; don't attempt to deceive me!"

Jacoby, with a shrug, put away his wares, closed his box, and resumed his pipe. A grateful space of silence intervened. The peddler was drinking heavily, and the landlord took care to keep his glass constantly replenished. Before long the effects of the fiery liquor began to make themselves visible in his flushed face, and thick unsteady tones; that mixture of shrewdness and caution which, so far as I could judge, characterized his dealings with every one, seemed suddenly to desert him; he became at once noisy, boastful, and confiding.

"I've something here, now, that it will do your eyes good to look at," he exclaimed, drawing a small leather bag from some hidden pocket. "Gems of the first water. See here, and here! What do you say to these?" and he poured into his hand a number of small brilliants, all of them unset, which, even in that wretched light, shone and scintillated like star dust, or chippings from the great belt of Orion. "Oh, my darlings, how I love you!" said Jacoby, fondly. "You're easier to carry than silver and gold, and far prettier to look at. A ragged coat is not always the sign of a poor man, master landlord."

He shook his head with drunken gravity; gave another fond look at his treasures; then deposited them in the bag; and by a sleight-of-hand movement disposed of the bag and its contents about his person. The landlord's heavy eyelids were lifted with surprise as the peddler held out the brilliants in his palm; and he greeted them with a long stealthy glance from the corners of his greedy, treacherous eyes, then let his eyelids fall again, and went on with his smoking as though there were no such things as diamonds in the world.

"You do not drink, young gentleman," said the landlord to me, after a while. "I am afraid the whiskey is not to your taste."

"The whiskey is very excellent, I have no doubt," I replied; "but I rarely drink spirits of any kind, more especially when I have a long day's walk before me on the morrow."

"Then perhaps you will allow me to brew you a cup of *café-au-lait*. I learnt the art when I was a young fellow knocking about Paris, and I flatter myself that I can do it tolerably well. And you too, Mr. Peddler, would be none the worse for a drop of coffee. What say you?"

"Just as you like, *mein Knabe*; just as you like. This drink which I have here is very good, but I suppose I've had enough of it."

The landlord set to work with alacrity, and in a few minutes produced an excellent cup of coffee, such, certainly, as I had never tasted before. Immediately after the coffee was ready, the little clock in the corner struck ten, and on hearing it, both Jacoby and I arose, and asked to be shown to our rooms, for we had the prospect of a long tramp before us next day. The mulatto woman and the young savage had retired some time before; so the landlord in person lighted our candles, and ushered us up the rickety stairs, on the top of which we found ourselves in a gloomy corridor, lighted from the roof, having doors opening out of it on either side. My room was at one end of this passage, and Jacoby's at the other. The landlord having seen each of us into his room, made us a cheerful good-night; and next moment I heard the creaking of the stairs as he went down into the lower parts of the house. I was about to close my door, when Jacoby called me from his room,

"Good-night, my lad! Don't dream of gold in the morning."

I responded to his greeting, and then closed and locked the door. The bed-room, like every other part of the house I had seen, was poorly and meanly furnished, and was of an old-fashioned, tumble-down appearance. Across the whole length of the low ceiling ran a thick, heavy beam, from the middle of which stood out conspicuously a small strong hook, which at once connected itself in my mind with the idea of some antecedent suicide; the floor in many places was rough and uneven; the window consisted of small diamond panes set in lead, and barred with iron; the door was of old black oak; and there was a descent of two steps into the room.

I had sat down to note these things, and was partly undressed, when I suddenly stumbled forward, and found that I had unconsciously gone to sleep while sitting in the chair. A deadly stupor and lethargy, such as I had never experienced before, seemed suddenly to weigh down both my body and brain. I got up, but could scarcely stand; and when I attempted to walk, I reeled forward towards the bed like a drunken man; and sank with my head on the pillow, weighed down by a heaviness unspeakable; and knew nothing more. The coffee had undoubtedly been drugged.

How long I had slept I cannot tell—whether hours, or minutes only—when I suddenly found myself sitting up in bed, trembling with horror, and with a wild cry of agony ringing shrilly through my brain.

"Murder!"

The sharp, intense cry of one in dire extremity. Whose voice it was that gave utterance to it, and from what part of the house it proceeded, I could not tell; I only knew that without any preliminary waking, as it seemed to me, I found myself sitting up in bed, staring, with wildly-beating heart, into the intense darkness around me, not remembering for the moment where I was, my brain still ringing with that terrible cry. But I had scarcely time to gather my scattered wits together, when, following quickly on the cry, came the sound of a pistol-shot, evidently close at hand; then a heavy fall on the floor; and then all was still.

I had called to mind by this time where I was, and all the occurrences of the evening; and on hearing the shot I leaped out of bed, and made for the door, and after groping about for a moment or two found it. I had locked the door before getting into bed, and now unfastened it; but on attempting to open it, found that I could not do so. It was evidently fastened outside; but for what purpose? Had it been done to prevent me from going to the assistance of the peddler? That cry, that pistol-shot—poor Jacoby must have been murdered in his bed, and it would doubtless be my turn next! Dead men tell no tales.

I was without arms, except a small clasp-knife; a knife which I had had when a school-lad, and still carried from long habit. This would probably be of little or no service in any coming encounter, but I got it ready nevertheless, tying my handkerchief round the haft so as to obtain a firmer grip. Nothing in the room that I could have piled against the door could have opposed for one moment the entrance of anyone determined on coming in. I examined the window again, hoping to find sufficient space between the bars to allow of my creeping through and dropping to the ground; but the hope proved futile. I groped my way back to the bed, and sat down on the edge of it. I trembled no longer. The first surprise was over, and although the suspense was terrible, I prepared like a man to meet the worst that could happen to me. I felt very cold, chilled to the marrow, so I laid down my knife for a moment, and wrapped my travelling plaid carefully round me. My thoughts wandered away to my mother.—How she would wonder what had become of her boy, and sit at home with sad patience, month after month, waiting to greet him who would never cross the threshold more, but a little sob that burst irrepressibly from my heart warned me not to give way, and recalled my thoughts to the imminent danger before me. Yes, I would sell my life dearly, if they did not shoot me down before I had time to make one effort for my deliverance. But, why did they not come? A deathlike silence reigned through the house; not a whisper, not a footfall; a silence and darkness as of the grave, intense and horrible, not long to be borne without madness. Was my bedroom door really fast? Had I, in my nervous haste, examined it sufficiently to be sure of the fact? I rose, and groped my way to the door, and examined it carefully again, assuring myself this time that it must really be secured on the other side. As I said before, there was a descent of two steps into the room; and as I moved my bare feet along these steps in my efforts to open the door, I slid one of them into a cold liquid pool of something which was trickling slowly into the room. I fell back as though I had been shot. I was but a boy, remember, and scarcely recovered from a long illness brought on by over-study; my nerves were still weak, and this last horror was more than I could bear. A sickness, as of death, crept over me; my senses left me; and I fell to the ground.

When I regained my consciousness the room was still quite dark; but the outline of the window stood out, a faint gray square, from the surrounding blackness, and I knew that the blessed daylight was at hand. With a shudder I drew myself further away from the door, away into the farthest corner of the room, and there crouched up against the wall, me, expecting I know not what.

The terrible stillness which had oppressed me so heavily before, still reigned through the house. Not the faintest murmur of a voice, not the slightest footfall on the floor, anywhere to be heard. Why had I been fastened up in that gloomy room? Did they intend to leave me there to starve? But for what purpose? What was to be gained by such a step? What had become of Jacoby? Was it he who had given utterance to that cry of agony in the dark? I exhausted a thousand conjectures as I crouched in my corner watching the dawn slowly brighten, and still keeping my eyes fixed on the door, under which I knew a thin red stream was slowly oozing. I could see it at last, a shining patch on the dark oak step, where it had fallen drop by drop during the long night hours. I could not take my eyes off it, they seemed wedded to it by a terrible fascination. I watched it while the day broadened by imperceptible degrees. I got up after a time and went slowly towards it. I must try the door again. Perhaps with daylight to assist me, I might discover some mode of escape. Ah, what a great dark patch still creeping slowly under the door! Slowly I approached it. Nearer and nearer.

Thank Heaven! not blood, but water!

In the revulsion of feeling caused by this discovery, I sank on my knees by the side of the bed, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears; and became thereby stronger and calmer, and again felt the sweet hopes of life nestle warmly round my heart.

On again trying the door, which was strong and heavy, and made of dark old oak, I ascertained for a fact that it was fastened outside; the keyhole I found to be covered by a plate on the other side. I carefully examined the window once more, but the iron bars were too close and strong to afford me the slightest chance of escape that way. The chimney, too, after a glance, was abandoned as hopeless. That unaccountable stillness continued, although it was now broad day. I would break it at any risk, happen what might. I went back to the door and shook it, and hallooed with all my strength, calling Jacoby and the landlord by name; but there came no response save a few dull echoes, and when they died away, silence fell on the place once more.

There was a small semicircular opening near the top of the door, probably intended originally as a means of ventilation to the room, and while casting about for some way of escape, the thought struck me that by getting on a chair and looking through the opening, I might ascertain something that would be of service to me. Next moment I had placed one of the two rickety chairs close to the door, and mounting it with caution, found that my eyes were exactly on a level with the opening. On looking through, my glance traversed, first, the floor of the passage, following the thread of water, and tracing it back by degrees to the door of Jacoby's room, which, as stated before, was opposite mine, at the other end of the passage, and which, I now saw, as I followed the stream with my eyes, was standing wide open. Having traced the thread of water till it was lost behind the angle of the entrance to the peddler's room, my glance fell on a small dressing-table standing in the room exactly opposite the door; and from the dressing table went to an oval looking-glass placed thereon, and then stopped, suddenly transfixed with horror at seeing the reflection of a ghastly face staring intently at me from the glass.

It was the face of Jacoby without doubt, so much I could clearly distinguish; but although the eyes were wide open, and staring with grim fixity of purpose; and although the half-open lips seemed grinning at me in bitter derision; it was none the less the face of a dead man.

That my poor friend had been foully murdered I could no longer doubt; but how did it happen that I had escaped a similar fate? There was the white face, changeless and speechless; but beyond that all was conjecture and vague surmise. I got down gently from my post of observation, feeling very sick at heart, and more overcome just then, I think, with pity for the sad fate of my friend, than with apprehension for what might happen to myself. Still that same deathlike and oppressive silence, so that the buzzing of a fly on the window sounded in the stillness unnaturally loud and intrusive.

More impressed than ever with the necessity for immediate action, I began, as soon as I had in some measure recovered from the effect of seeing the face in the glass, to cast about in my mind again for some means of effecting my escape. Picking up my knife from the floor where it had lain neglected for some hours past, I at once set to work to try to cut away one of the panels of the stout old door; but I broke my knife before I had been at work five minutes, and then gave up the attempt in despair. There was a dreadful fascination about that face in the glass which I found it impossible to resist, and standing on the chair, I again looked through the opening in the door, and turned my eyes slowly towards it, half expecting to find that it had disappeared. But it was still there, as grim, ghastly, and immovable as before. The pallid lips seemed to stir with inaudible words as I looked; but the wide-open eyes stared steadfastly into mine with a glassy, changeless look of expression, that chilled my very soul to look upon.

Gathering heart somewhat after a time, I again went to work on the door with my broken knife; laboring on, hour after hour, with wearying persistency, but making such small progress that I not felt that my life depended on the success of my efforts, I should have given up the task a hundred times in despair.

Noon came and went. A dull gnawing pain began to make itself felt, which I knew proceeded from the want of food, though hunger in the ordinary sense of the word I did not feel; I began to get weaker, too, as the afternoon advanced, and to labor like a man in a dream. I think that after a time I must have fallen into a kind of stupor, induced by weariness and exhaustion, as I next before the door with my head resting in my hands. When I came to myself again, I found that the wind had risen, and that the first shades of evening were beginning to creep into the room. I stood up, weary, sick, and faint at heart, and asked myself how it would be possible to live through another night all alone in that terrible house. I calculated that even with daylight and my full strength, it would have been a work of several hours to cut my way out; and now both daylight and strength were failing me rapidly.

A dull lowering evening, with rain and heavy wind. Hark what a blast was that! It seemed to shake the rickety old house to its foundations, making the floors creak, and the windows rattle, and the whole tumble-down edifice to shiver and groan in the grasp of its invisible arms. Suddenly I was startled by the clashing of some distant door; then there was a faint rustle and whisper up the stairs and along the passage, as though the ghost of the murdered man were coming back to revisit its tenement; then the strong gust outside swept swiftly away down the valley inland; and a brief lull followed. It was needful that I should look once more on the face in the glass while there was still sufficient daylight left to see it by. I felt drawn to do this by some inward necessity, some occultest magnetism working against my better nature. What, then, was my surprise and horror, when, on looking once more through the opening in the door, and staring steadfastly into the glass, I saw that it was blank—that the face was no longer there!

I looked, and looked again, but with the same result; the face had certainly disappeared; the glass reflected nothing but the opposite wall of the room, and part of the furniture of a bed. The blood round my heart grew cold as I looked; I got off the chair, and went and sat down in the corner of the room farthest from the door, and peered fearfully into the gathering gloom; struggling hard to crush down the dire ghostly fancies, and vague hauntings of terror, which began to troop wildly around me, and claim me for their own. Whither had that white face vanished? I kept on asking myself the question again and again. In the first strangeness of the discovery I had flung aside my broken knife, and I now felt an utter and disinclination to rise from that far corner, search for it on the floor, and resume my labors on the door. How suddenly the evening had darkened! Was that a hand which touched my cheek in the dusk? Whose hand? And hush! was not that a whisper—a rustle close beside me? Would the floor creak so loudly unless some one whom I could not see were walking across it?

Above the loud howling of the wind, I heard wild shrieks of demoniac laughter.—There were creatures abroad that night, such as the daylight never looked upon.—They called me by name—they shouted to me to join them; and far away, along the flinty high-road, I heard more of them coming with a quick tramp. They were mounted on their demon steeds, and they would carry me away with them out of that terrible house, and we should gallop all night with the storm.

Be still, ye throbbing pulses! Grant me a moment's respite—give me time for one last prayer, ere sense and reason desert me altogether!

Louder and louder came the tramp of the horses: no demon steeds, those, but veritable animals of flesh and blood. A minute of terrible suspense, and then I heard a loud knocking at the front door, and the confused sound of several voices, all talking at once. The first knock dissipated all those weird cobweb fancies of an over-wrought brain, which had held me powerless but a moment before. I sprang to the window, flung open the casement, and cried aloud for help. I know not what I said, but next moment, as it seemed to me, I saw myself surrounded by half-a-dozen kindly faces, and felt that I was safe.

My rescuers proved to be a party of jovial farmers, returning from a distant fair. In a few brief sentences, I gave them an outline of my story—a story which received a ghastly confirmation when they entered the peddler's room. Both Jacoby and the treacherous landlord lay dead—the latter in a corner of the room, close to an overturned water-jug, with a bullet through his brain; holding in one hand a long, sharp bowie-knife, and a dark lantern in the other. Jacoby was in the bed, in a half-sitting posture, stabbed to the heart; holding, firmly clench-

ed in one hand, the pistol with which, in the one last moment granted him on earth, he had wrought such swift vengeance on his murderer.

When we entered the room the face of Jacoby was invisible—hidden from us by the loose, dimity curtain, which hung from the head of the bed; and which the wind, when it burst open the badly-secured casement, had rushed into the room, had lifted up, and flung tenderly over the dead man's face, as if in reverent pity at so sad a spectacle. The bed stood just behind the angle of the entrance into the room; and from the position of the body, the face, when uncovered, was fully reflected in the oval glass, which stood on the dressing-table, nearly opposite the foot of the bed.

A further examination revealed that both the peddler's box and pockets had been rifled of their contents. This, evidently, could not have been the work of the landlord; his career had been cut short too soon for that, whatever his ultimate intentions might have been. The robbery was, therefore, set down as the work of the mulatto woman and the young savage, and steps were at once taken to procure their arrest; which desirable consummation was affected some three weeks later at Liverpool, as they were about to embark for Australia. Some of the property of the murdered man was found in their possession. The woman's version of the affair was as follows:—

She stated, that she was awakened sometime in the night by a loud cry of "Murder!" quickly followed by a pistol-shot, and a heavy fall. That being too frightened to get out of bed, she lay trembling and listening for more than an hour, after which she summoned sufficient courage to creep stealthily out of the house, and make her way to the loft over the stable, where the young savage slept; that together they had, after a time, ventured up-stairs, where they found both Jacoby and the landlord dead. This must have occurred while I lay insensible in the room. That, thereupon, they had loaded themselves with the property of the dead man, and absconded together. As there was no evidence to prove any complicity on their part in the murder, their version of the affair was taken as the correct one, and punishment meted out to them accordingly.

I may just say, in conclusion, that it was afterwards discovered by the police that the landlord of the lonely inn was a notorious forger of whom they had long been in search—a man originally of some education and breeding, but whose numerous misdeeds had at length made his ordinary haunts so hot for him, that he found it advisable to withdraw himself for a year or two from public notice, and bury his talents in the distant wilds of Cornwall. T. S.

THE TEST.

"Farewell awhile, my bonnie darling!
One long, close kiss, and I depart:
I hear the angry trumpet snarling,
The drum-beat tingles at my heart."

Behind him, softest flutes were breathing
Across the veil their sweet recall;
Before him burst the battle, seething
In flame beneath its thunder-pall.

All sights and sounds to stay invited;
The meadows tossed their foam of flowers;
The lingering Day beheld, delighted,
The dances of his amorous Hours.

He paused: again the fond temptation
Assailed his heart, so firm before,
And tender dreams, of Love's creation,
Persuaded from the peaceful shore.

"But no!" he sternly cried; "I follow
The trumpet, not the shepherd's reed:
Let idlers pipe in pastoral hollow,—
Be mine the sword, and mine the deed!

"Farewell to love!" he murmured, sighing:
"Perchance I lose what most is dear:
But better there, struck down and dying,
Than be a man and wanton here!"

He went where battle's voice was loudest;
He pressed where danger nearest came;
His hand advanced, among the proudest,
Their banner through the lines of flame.

And there, when wearied carnage faltered,
He, foremost of the fallen, lay,
While Night looked down with brow unaltered,
And breathed the battle's dust away.

There lying, sore from wounds untended,
A vision crossed the starry gleam;
The girl he loved beside him bended,
And kissed him in his fever-dream.

"Oh, love!" she cried, "you fled, to find me;
I left with you the dalsted vale;
I turned from flutes that walled behind me,
To hear your trumpets' distant hail.

"Your tender vows, your peaceful kisses,
They scarce outlived the moment's breath;
But now we clasp immortal blisses
Of passion proved on brinks of Death!

"No fate henceforward shall estrange her
Who has a heart more brave than fond;
For Love, forsook this side of danger,
Waits for the man who goes beyond!"

☞ A dense growth of thrifty young forest trees is rapidly springing up all over the once treeless prairies of Illinois. This is owing to the fact that the land is now kept from the annual fall burning formerly practiced by the Indians.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SLOW FIRES.

The new life which began for Eleanor Monckton at Tolldale Priory seemed very strange to her. The prim respectability of the old mansion weighed heavily upon her spirits. The best part of her existence had been spent in a very free-and-easy and Bohemian manner; and her improved position was at first more strange than pleasant to her. The well-trained servants who waited upon her in respectful silence, acknowledging her as their mistress, and obsequiously eager to give her pleasure, were very different people to the familiar landladies of those lodgings in which she had lived with her father, or the good-natured shoemaker-landlord at the Pilasters.

At Hazlewood she had been only a dependant; and those who served her had given her their service out of love for her brightness and beauty; rendering her little benefits with frank smiles and familiar greetings. But the mistress of Tolldale had a certain dignity to support; and new duties to learn in her new position.

At first these duties seemed very hard to the impulsive girl, who had a sort of instinctive contempt for all ceremonial usages and stereotyped observances. They seemed more especially hard, perhaps, because Gilbert Monckton expected his young wife to assume her new position as a thing of course, and was inclined to be very jealous of any omission that derogated from her dignity.

He was inclined to be jealous of her girlish inconstancy of thought and action, seeing in all this an evidence that she regretted the freedom of her girlhood. He was inclined to be jealous. That one sentence reveals the secret of a great deal of misery which this gentleman made for himself. He was inclined to be jealous of anything and everything, where his young wife was concerned.

It was thus that Gilbert Monckton began his married life. It was thus that, of his own doing, he set a breach between himself and the woman he idolized. And when the breach was made, and the dreary gulf of distrust and misapprehension stretched black and impassable between this weak man and that which he loved dearest in all the world, he could only cast himself down beside the yawning ravine and bemoan his desolation.

I have called Gilbert Monckton a weak man advisedly. In all the ordinary business of life, and in all the extraordinary businesses that fell in his professional pathway, the lawyer's clearness of perception and power of intellect were unsurpassed by any of his compeers. Strong; stern; decided and unyielding, where his judgment was once formed; he was trusted as an oracle by those who had dealings with him. But in his love for his wife he was weaker and more irresolute than any desponding swain of five-and-twenty.

He had been deceived once by a woman whom he had loved as he now loved Eleanor; and he could not forget that early deception. The shadow that had fallen upon his life was not to be lifted off by any sunshine of trust and love. He had been deceived once, and he might be deceived again.

The wrong which a woman's falsehood does to the man whom she betrays is a lasting and sometimes irrevocable wrong. The wound festers, deep down below the outer scar; and while sympathetic friends are rejoicing in the slow obliteration of that surface evidence of the past, the poison's corroding power still endures, gaining force by time.

The secret sorrow of Gilbert Monckton's youth had made him suspicious of all womanly truth and purity. He watched his wife, as it had been his habit to watch his ward, doubtfully and fearfully: even when he most admired her, regarding her in some wise as a capricious and irresponsible being, who might at any moment turn upon him and betray him.

He had fought against his love for his ward's beautiful companion. He had tried to shut his mind against all consciousness of her fascinations; he had endeavored not to believe in her. If she had stayed at Hazlewood, that silent struggle might have gone on in the lawyer's breast for years; but her sudden departure had taken the grave man of forty off his guard; hurried away by an impulse, he had revealed the secret that had been so skillfully repressed, and, for the second time in his life, perilled his happiness upon the hazard of a woman's truth.

"What do I know of her more than I knew of Margaret Ravenshaw?" he thought, sometimes; "can I trust her because she looks full in my face, with eyes that are as clear as the sky above my head? There is generally some landmark by which a man's character can be understood, however practised he may be in hypocrisy; but a woman— Bah! a woman's beauty defies a physiognomist. We trust and believe because we admire. 'She can't be wicked with such a Grecian nose,' we say. 'Those exquisitely-moulded lips cannot speak anything but the truth!'"

If Gilbert Monckton's young wife had seemed happy in her new home, he would have accepted the fair omen, and would have classed himself in the brightness of her gayety. But she was not happy; he could clearly see that; and day and night he tormented himself with vain endeavors to find out the cause of her uncertain spirits, her fits of abstraction, her long pauses of thoughtful silence.

And while Mrs. Monckton's husband was nursing all these tortures, and every day widening the gulf of his own making, his wife, absorbed by her own secret purpose, was almost unconscious of all else in the world. If she saw the lawyer's face thoughtful or gloomy, she concluded that his moodiness arose from business anxieties with which she had no concern. If he sighed, she set down his melancholy to the same professional causes. A tiresome will-case, a troublesome chancery suit—something in those dusty offices had annoyed him; and that professional something had of course no concern for her.

Eleanor Monckton had taken upon herself an unnatural office; she had assumed an abnormal duty; and her whole life fashioned itself to fit that unwomanly purpose. She abnegated the privileges, and left unperformed the duties of a wife—true to nothing except to that fatal promise made in the first madness of her grief for George Vane's death.

She had been more than a week at Tolldale Priory, and she had not advanced one step upon the road which she had so desperately determined to pursue. She had not yet seen Launcelot Darrell.

Gilbert Monckton had spent the day after his return to Berkshire in riding about the neighborhood, calling upon those few people with whom he kept up any acquaintance, and informing them of his marriage with the young lady who, a few weeks before, had been the companion of his ward. Of course he received friendly congratulations and good wishes from every one to whom he imparted this intelligence; and of course when his back was turned, the same people who had tendered those good wishes set to work to wonder at his folly, and to prognosticate all manner of evil from his absurd and imprudent marriage.

His longest visit was paid to Hazlewood, and here his tidings afforded real and unmixed satisfaction. Launcelot Darrell was at work in his painting-room, and was therefore out of the way of hearing the news. The widow was pleased to think that Eleanor's marriage would secure her son against the immediate danger of taking a penniless wife; and Laura was sincerely rejoiced at the idea of seeing her friend again.

"I may come to Tolldale soon, may'n't I, Mr. Monckton?" she asked. "Dear Nelly, I do so long to see her! But to think of her being married to you! I never was so surprised in my life. Why you must be old enough to be her father. It does seem so funny!"

Gilbert Monckton did not feel particularly grateful to his ward for the extreme candor of these remarks, but he invited the young lady to spend the following day with Eleanor.

"I shall be in town to-morrow," he said, "and I dare say Mrs. Monckton will find the Priory dull."

"Mrs. Monckton!" cried Laura; "oh, to be sure—why, that's Nelly, of course! Find the Priory dull? Yes, I should think she would, indeed! Poor Eleanor, in those damp, overgrown gardens, with the high walls all round, and the tops of the trees above the walls. How lonely she'll be."

"Lonely? I shall come home to dinner every day."

"Yes, at seven o'clock; and from breakfast time till seven poor Nell must amuse herself in the best way she can. But I'm not going to grumble; I'm only too happy to think she will be near me."

Mr. Monckton stood by the garden-gate—that gate near which he had so often loitered with Eleanor—listening with no very great satisfaction to his ward's frivolous prattle. His young wife would feel unhappy in the dullness of her new life, perhaps. If that were to be so, it would be proof positive that she did not love him. He could never have felt dull or lonely in her society, though Tolldale had been some grim and isolated habitation in the middle of an African desert.

"So you think she will be dull, Laura?" he said, rather despondently.

"Why *of course* she will," answered the young lady; "but now don't think me inquisitive, please," she added, in a very insinuating tone, "but I do *so* much want you to tell me something."

"You want me to tell you what?" asked the lawyer, rather sharply.

Laura linked her hand through his arm, and raising herself on tip-toe, so as to bring her rosy lips within easier reach of his ear, whispered, archly,

"Does she *really* love you? Was it *really* a love-match?"

Gilbert Monckton started as violently as if that infantine whisper had been the envenomed hiss of a snake.

"What do you mean, child?" he said, turning sharply upon his ward; "of course Eleanor and I married because we loved each other? Why else should we have married?"

"No, to be sure. Girls marry for money sometimes. I heard Mrs. Darrell say that one of the Penwoods, of Windsor, married a horrid, old, rich city man for the sake of his money. But I don't think Eleanor would do that sort of thing. Only it seems so funny that she should have been in love with you all the time."

"All what time?"

"Why, all the time she and I were together. How could she help talking of you, I wonder?"

The lawyer bit his lip.

"She never talked of me, then?" he said, with a feeble attempt to make his tone careless.

"Oh, yes, she spoke of you sometimes, of course; but not in that way."

"Not in what way? When will you learn to express yourself clearly, Miss Mason? Are you going to be a child all your life?"

Gilbert Monckton's ward looked up at him with a half comic look of terror. He was not accustomed to speak so sharply to her.

"Don't be angry, please," she said, "I know I don't always express myself clearly. I dare say it's because I used to get other girls to do my themes—they call exercises in composition themes, you know—when I was at school. I mean that Eleanor didn't talk of you as if she was in love with you—not as I talk—not as I *should* talk of any one if I were in love with them," added the young lady, blushing very much as she corrected herself.

Miss Mason had only one idea of the outer evidences of the master-passion. A secret or unrequited affection which did not make itself known by copious quotations of Percy Shelley and Letitia Landon, was in her mind a very common-place affair.

Mr. Monckton shrugged his shoulders.

"Who set you up as a judge of how a woman should speak of a man she loves?" he said, sharply. "My wife has too much modesty to advertise her affection for any man. By-the-by, Miss Mason, would you like to come and live at Tolldale?"

Laura looked at her guardian with unmitigated surprise.

"Come and live at Tolldale?" she said; "I thought you didn't like me; I thought you despised me because I'm so frivolous and childish."

"Despise you, Laura," cried Gilbert Monckton, "not like you! My poor, dear child, what a brute I must have been if I ever have given you such an impression as that. I am very fond of you, my dear," he added, gravely, laying his hand upon the girl's head as he spoke, and looking down at her with sorrowful tenderness. "I am very much attached to you, my poor, dear child. If I ever seem vexed with your girlish frivolity, it is only because I am anxious about your future. I am very, very anxious about your future."

"But why are you so anxious?"

"Because your mother was childish and lighthearted like you, Laura, and her life was not a happy one."

"My poor mother. Ah, how I wish you would tell me about her."

Laura Mason looked very serious as she said this. Her hands were folded round the lawyer's arm, her bright blue eyes seemed to grow of a more sombre color as she looked earnestly upward to his grave face.

"Not now, my dear; some day, some day, perhaps, we'll talk about all that. But not now. You haven't answered my question, Laura. Would you like to live at Tolldale?"

The young lady blushed crimson and dropped her eyelids.

"I should dearly like to live with Eleanor," she said, "But—"

"But what?"

"I don't think it would be quite right to leave Mrs. Darrell, would it? The money you pay her is of great use to her, you know; I have heard her say she could scarcely get on without it, especially now that Launcelot—now that Mr. Darrell has come home."

The blushes deepened as Laura Mason said this.

The lawyer watched those deepening blushes with considerable uneasiness. "She is in love with this darked-eyed young Apollo," he thought.

"You are very scrupulous about Mrs. Darrell and her convenience, Laura," he said, "I should have fancied you would have been delighted to live with your old friend and companion. You'll come to-morrow to spend the day with Eleanor, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; if you please."

"I'll send the carriage for you, after it has taken me to Slough. Good-bye."

Mr. Monckton rode slowly homewards. His interview with Laura had not been altogether agreeable to him. The girl's surprise at his marriage with Eleanor had irritated and disturbed him. It seemed like a protest against the twenty years that divided his age from that of his young wife. There was something abnormal and exceptionable in the marriage, it seemed, then; and the people who had congratulated him and wished him well, were so many bland and conventional hypocrites, who no doubt laughed in their sleeves at his folly.

The lawyer rode back to Tolldale Priory with a moody and overclouded brow.

"That girl is in love with Launcelot Darrell," he thought. "She betrayed her secret in her childish transparence. The young man must be wonderfully attractive, since people fall in love with him in this manner. I don't like him; I don't believe in him; I should not like Laura to be his wife."

Yet in the next moment Mr. Monckton reflected that, after all, a marriage between his ward and Launcelot might not be altogether unadvisable. The young man was clever and gentlemanly. He came of a good stock, and had at least brilliant expectations. He might marry Laura and go to Italy, where he could devote a few years to the cultivation of his art.

"If the poor child is really very much in love with him, and he returns her affection, it would be cruel to come between them with any prudential tyranny," thought Mr. Monckton. "The young man seems really anxious to achieve success as an artist, and if he is to do so he ought certainly to study abroad."

The lawyer's mind dwelt upon this latter point throughout the remainder of his ride, and when he crossed the stone-paved hall where the cavalier's boots and saddles hung in the mysterious colored light that stole through the emblazoned windows, he had almost come to the determination that Laura Mason and Launcelot Darrell ought to be married forthwith. He found his wife sitting in one of the windows of the library, with her hands lying idle in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the garden before her. She started as he entered the room, and looked up at him with a bright eagerness in her face.

"You have been to Hazlewood?" she said.

"Yes, I have just come from there."

"And you have seen—?"

She stopped suddenly. Launcelot Darrell's name had risen to her lips, but she checked herself before uttering it, lest she should betray her eager interest in him. She had no fear of that interest being misconstrued; no idea of such a possibility had ever entered her head. She only feared that some chance look or word might betray her vengeful hatred of the young man.

"You saw Laura—and—and Mrs. Darrell, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, I saw Laura and Mrs. Darrell," answered Gilbert Monckton, watching his wife's face. He had perceived the hesitation with which she had asked this question. He saw now that she was disappointed in his reply.

Eleanor was incapable of dissimulation, and her disappointment betrayed itself in her face. She had expected to hear something of Launcelot Darrell, something which would have at least given her an excuse for questioning her husband about him.

"You did not see Mr. Darrell, then?" she said, after a pause, during which Mr. Monckton had placed himself opposite to her in the open window. The afternoon sunshine fell full upon Eleanor's face; lighting up every change of expression; revealing every varying shade of thought that betrayed itself unconsciously in a countenance whose mobility was one of its greatest charms.

"No, Mr. Darrell was in his painting-room—I did not see him."

There was a pause. Eleanor was silent, scarcely knowing how to fashion any question that might lead to her gaining some information about the man whose secrets she had set herself to unravel.

"Do you know, Eleanor," said the lawyer, after this pause, during which he had kept close watch upon his wife's face, "I think I have discovered a secret that concerns Launcelot Darrell."

"A secret?"

Sudden blushes lit up Eleanor Monckton's cheeks like a flaming fire.

"A secret!" she repeated. "You have found out a secret?"

"Yes, I believe that my ward, Laura Mason, has fallen in love with the young man."

Eleanor's face changed. Her feverish eagerness gave place to a look of indifference.

"Is that all?" she said.

She had no very great belief in the intensity of Miss Mason's feelings. The girl's sentimental talk and demonstrative admiration had to her mind something spurious in their nature; Mrs. Monckton was ready to love Laura very dearly when the business of her life should be done, and she could have time to love anybody, but in the meantime she gave herself no uneasiness about Miss Mason's romantic passion for the young painter.

"Laura is as inconstant as the wind," she thought. "She will hate Launcelot Darrell when I tell her how base he is."

But what was Eleanor's surprise when Mr. Monckton said, very quietly,

"If the girl is really attached to this young man, and he returns her affection—she is so pretty and fascinating, that I should think he could scarcely help being in love with her—I don't see why the match should not take place."

Eleanor looked up suddenly.

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried; "you would never let Laura marry Launcelot Darrell."

"And why not, Mrs. Monckton?"

The insidious imp which the lawyer had made his bosom companion of late, at this moment transformed itself into a raging demon, and gnawed ravenously at the vitals of its master.

"Why shouldn't Laura marry Launcelot Darrell?"

"Because you have a bad opinion of him. What did you say to me by the garden-gate at Hazlewood, when Mr. Darrell first came home? You said he was selfish, heartless, false, perfidious, and that there was a cancer in his life."

"I thought so then."

"And have you ceased to think so now?"

"I don't know. I may have been prejudiced against the young man by—by—Mr. Monckton, absolutely."

"I don't think you would, Eleanor."

"I don't think he is a good man. I pray don't let Laura marry him."

She clasped her hands in her agitation as she looked up in her husband's face.

Gilbert Monckton's heart throbbed.

"What does it matter to you?" he asked.

Eleanor looked surprised at the almost angry abruptness of her husband's manner.

"It matters a great deal to me," she said; "I should be very sorry if Laura were to make so unhappy a marriage."

"But must her marriage with Launcelot Darrell be necessarily unhappy?"

"Yes; because he is a bad man."

"What right have you to say that, unless you have some special reason for thinking it?"

"I have a special reason."

"What reason?"

"I cannot tell you—now."

The ravenous demon's tooth grew sharper than usual when Eleanor said this.

"Mrs. Monckton," the lawyer said, sternly, "I am afraid that there can be very little happiness in store for you and me, if you begin your married life by keeping secrets from your husband."

Gilbert Monckton was too proud to say more than this. A dull despair was creeping into his breast, a sick loathing of himself and of his folly. Every one of those twenty years which made him his young wife's senior rose up against him, and gibed and twitted him.

What right had he to marry a young wife, and believe that she could love him? What justification could he find for his own folly in taking this girl from poverty and obscurity, and then expecting that she should feel any warmer sentiment than some feeble gratitude to him for having given her an advantageous bargain? He had given her a handsome house and attentive servants, carriages and horses, prosperity and independence, in exchange for her bright youth and beauty, and he was angry with her because she did not love him.

Looking back at that interview in the Pilasters—every circumstance of which was very clear to him now, by the aid of a pair of spectacles lent him by the jealous demon his familiar—Mr. Monckton remembered that no confession of love had dropped from Eleanor's lips. She had consented to become his wife, nothing more. She had, no doubt—in those moments of maddenly hesitation, during which he had waited so breathlessly—deliberately weighed and carefully balanced the advantages that were to be won from the sacrifice demanded of her.

Of course the perpetual brooding upon such fancies as these very much tended to make Gilbert Monckton an agreeable and lively companion for an impulsive girl. There is something remarkable in the persistency with which the sufferer from that terrible disease called jealousy strives to aggravate the causes of his torture.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BY THE SUNDIAL.

Laura Mason came to live at Tolldale. Gilbert Monckton argued with himself that his most reasonable motive for marrying Eleanor Vane had lain in his desire to provide a secure home and suitable companionship for his ward. The girl was very glad to be with Eleanor; but a little sorry to leave Hazlewood, now that Mr. Launcelot Darrell's presence gave a new charm to the place.

"Not that he is very lively, you know, Nelly," Miss Mason remarked to her guardian's wife in the course of a long discussion of Mr. Darrell's merits. "He never seems happy. He's always roaming about the place, looking as if he had something upon his mind. It makes him look very handsome, though, you know; I don't think he'd look half so handsome if he hadn't anything on his mind. He was awfully dull and gloomy after you went away, Nell; I'm sure he must have been in love with you. Mrs. Darrell says he wasn't; and that he admires another person; quite a different person. Do you think I'm the person, Eleanor dear?" asked the young lady, blushing and smiling, as she looked shyly up at her companion's grave face.

"I don't know, Laura; but I almost hope not, for I should be very sorry if you were to marry Launcelot Darrell," Eleanor said.

"But why should you be sorry, Nelly?"

"Because I don't think he's a good man."

Miss Mason pouted her under lip and shrugged her shoulders, with the prettiest air of impatience.

"It's very unkind of you to say so, Nell," she exclaimed. "I'm sure he's good! Or if he isn't good, I like him all the better for it," she added, with charming inconsistency. "I don't want to marry a good man, like my guardian, or Mr. Neate, the curate of Hazlewood parish. The Corsair wasn't good; but see how fond Gulnare and Medora were of him. I don't suppose it was good of the Giaour to kill Hassan; but who

could have had the heart to refuse to marry the Glamor!"

Mrs. Monckton did not attempt to argue with a young lady who expressed such opinions as these. Laura's romantic infatuation only made Eleanor more impatient for the coming of that hour in which she should be able to denounce Launcelot Darrell as a cheat and a traitor.

"He shall be disinherited, and through me," she thought. "He shall be cast off by the woman who has loved him, and through me. And when he suffers most, I will be as pitiless to his sufferings, as he was pitiless to the old man whom he cheated and abandoned to despair.

A fortnight passed after Eleanor's arrival at the Priory before she had any opportunity of seeing Launcelot Darrell. She had proposed going to Haslewood several times, but upon each occasion Mr. Monckton had contrived to interpose some objection to her visit. She began to despair of entering upon the silent struggle with her father's destroyer. It seemed as if she had come to Tolldale for no purpose. In her impatience she dreaded that Maurice de Crespigny would die, leaving his fortune to his nephew. She knew that the old man's life hung by a slender thread, which at any moment might be severed.

But at last the opportunity she had so anxiously awaited arrived unexpectedly, not brought about by any scheming or foresight upon her part. Laura had been a few days at the Priory, and the two girls were walking in one of the sheltered pathways of the old-fashioned garden, waiting for Gilbert Monckton's arrival, and the clanging summons of the great dinner-bell.

The October sunshine was bright and pleasant, the autumn flowers enlivened the dark luxuriance of the garden with their gaudy splendor. The tall hollyhocks waved in the breeze.

The two girls had walked up and down the smooth gravel path for some time in silence. Eleanor was absorbed in her own thoughts, and even Laura could not talk for ever without encouragement.

But presently this latter young lady stopped with a blush and a start, clasping her hand tightly about her companion's wrist. At the other end of the sheltered walk, among the flickering patches of sunshine that trembled on the filbert-trees, she had perceived Launcelot Darrell advancing towards them.

Eleanor looked up.

"What is the matter, Laura?" she asked.

In the next moment she recognized Mr. Darrell. The chance had come at last.

The young man advanced to meet Mrs. Monckton and her companion. He was pale, and had a certain gravity in his face expressive of some hidden sorrow. He had been in love with Eleanor Vane, after his own fashion, and was very much disposed to resent her desertion of him. His mother had told him the reason of that desertion very frankly, after Eleanor's marriage.

"I come to offer you my congratulations, Mrs. Monckton," he said, in a tone which was intended to wound the young wife to the quick, but which, like everything else about this young man, had a certain spuriousness, a tone of melodrama that robbed it of all force. "I should have accompanied my mother when she called on you the other day—but—"

He paused abruptly, looking at Laura with an air of ill-concealed vexation.

"Can I speak to you alone, Mrs. Monckton?" he asked; "I have something particular to say to you."

"But you can say it before Laura, I suppose?"

"No, not before Laura, or before any one. I must speak to you alone."

Miss Mason looked at the object of her admiration with a piteous expression in her childish face.

"How cruel he is to me," she thought; "I do believe he is in love with Eleanor.—How wicked of him to be in love with my guardian's wife.

Mrs. Monckton did not attempt to refuse the privilege which the young man demanded of her.

"I am quite willing to hear anything you may have to say to me," she said.

"Oh, very well!" cried Laura. "I'm sure I'll go away if you want to talk about secrets that I mustn't hear. Only I don't see how you can have any secrets. You haven't known Mr. Darrell a day longer than I have, Eleanor, and I can't imagine what he can have to say to you."

After this protest Miss Mason turned her back upon her companions, and ran away towards the house. She shed a few silent tears behind the shelter of a great clump of chrysanthemums.

"He doesn't care for me a bit," she muttered, as she dried her eyes; "Mrs. Darrell is a wicked old story-teller. I feel just as poor Guinare must have felt when the Corsair was so rude to her, after she'd committed a murder for his sake."

Eleanor and Launcelot left the sheltered pathway, and walked slowly across the broad lawn towards an old sun-dial, quaint in shape, and covered with the moss that had slowly crept over the gray stonework. Here the young man stopped, lounging against the moss-grown pedestal and resting his elbow upon the broken dial.

"I have come here to-day to tell you that you have trusted me very ill, Eleanor Monckton," he said.

The young wife drew herself up proudly.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that you jilted me."

"Jilted you!"

"Yes. You played that sad loss with me. You listened to my declaration of love. You suffered me to believe that you loved me."

"Mr. Darrell!"

"You did more, Eleanor," cried the young man, passionately; "you *did* love me. This marriage with Gilbert Monckton, a man twenty years your senior, is a marriage prompted by base and mercenary motives. You loved me, Eleanor; your silence admitted it that day, if your words did not. You had no right to be cajoled by my mother; you had no right to leave Haslewood without a word of explanation to me. You are falsehearted and mercenary, Mrs. Monckton; and you have married this man here because he is the owner of a fine house, and can give you money to spend upon your womanly caprices—your selfish vanities."

He pointed scornfully to her silk dress as he spoke, and to the golden trinkets that glittered at her waist.

She looked at him with a strange expression in her face.

"Think of me as you please," she said; "think that I was in love with you, if you like."

It was as if she had said to him, "fall into a trap of your own setting, if you please. I am not base enough to lay such a snare for you."

"Yes, Eleanor, you were false and mercenary. You were foolish, perhaps, as well; for I may be a rich man before very long. I may be master of the Woodlands property.

"I don't think you ever will inherit that fortune," Eleanor said, slowly. "You talk of my being base and mercenary; you are at liberty to think so if you please. But have you never done base things for the sake of money, Launcelot Darrell?"

The young man's face darkened.

"Nobody is immaculate, I dare say," he answered. "I have been very poor, and have been obliged to do what the rest of the world does when its purse is empty."

As Eleanor watched his moody face she suddenly remembered that this was not the way her cards must be played. The task which she had set herself to perform was not to be accomplished by candor and openness. This man had betrayed her father, and she must betray him.

She held out her hand to Launcelot Darrell.

"Let us be friends," she said; "I wish to be friends with you."

There were two witnesses looking on at this gesture. Laura Mason was standing by her guardian, watching the group beside the sundial. Gilbert Monckton had returned from town, and had come into the garden in search of his wife.

"They sent me away from them," Laura said, as her guardian looked at Launcelot and Eleanor. "He had something particular to say to her; so I wasn't to hear it, and they sent me away. You'll ask him to dinner, I suppose?"

"No," answered the lawyer, sharply.

Launcelot Darrell held Eleanor's hand some moments before he released it.

"I wish to be friends with you, Mr. Darrell," she said "I'll come to Haslewood to-morrow to see your pictures, if you please. I want to see how the Rosalind and Celia goes on."

She hated herself for her hypocrisy. Every generous impulse of her soul revolted against her falsehood. But these things were only a natural part of the unnatural task which she had set herself to perform.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rose, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
And asked, as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I preferred to roses?
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies."
She did. "Oh, I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

☞ A ludicrous circumstance is told arising from the Scottish corruption of the word "to dambrod." Two ladies of that country went to a London shop where tablecloths were sold, the patterns of which, as is known, sometimes resemble the squares of a chess-board. After being shown several patterns, they asked the shopman, "Have you any of a dambrod kind?" He was a little taken aback at what he thought a strange question, especially by a lady; but recovering his composure, replied; "No, ma'am, we have many of them very broad, but none of them that breadth."

☞ The editors of the Scientific American have received from California a piece of wood from a tree 30 feet in diameter, the annual rings upon which indicate the age of the tree to be 6,300 years! This leaves the saplings of our ancient friends, Nebuchadnezzar and Socrates, standing out in the cold, and carries our mind back to the period when Eve ate the stolen fruit.

☞ A woman is either worth a great deal or she is worth nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she is a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman, a fool to be jealous of a worthless one, but he is a greater fool to cut his throat for either of them.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR A GOVERNESS.

FROM AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL.

How and where to find a market for female labor is one of the problems of the day—a market for the skill, industry, and integrity of the unmarried but dependent women of England; a problem most difficult of solution, but which, while unsolved, works untold agony of heart to many, and has its issues, not only in misery, but in sin.

It need not be said that a well-assorted marriage is the natural culminating point of a woman's training and life. By her own fire-side, with her own husband and children around her, the centre of her little circle, bearing cheerfully the responsibilities and burdens which such a state brings with it, lightening her husband's cares, living her life over again, in the interest she takes in the well-being, the training, the advancement of her children, behold woman in her true position!

But, from one circumstance or another, a considerable number, in the middle class especially, never reach this culminating point. Society has become very artificial; our requirements are daily increasing; one class treads upon the heels of another; professions are over-stocked; employment is difficult to be had. Each of these reasons contributes its share to swell the number of unmarried women.

I do not advocate too early or imprudent marriages; but persons seem to consider now that young people must begin life on the same income with which their parents close it; and that the establishment of the newly-married couple must be on a par with that which the young girl leaves. Above all, the opinion of Brown, Jones, and Robinson must be considered. What would they say? And so it is that young married people, instead of being willing to begin life with a plain and simple establishment, and to work upwards, helping one another, and by their very efforts becoming more endeared to each other, must ape the ways of those who have larger incomes, and in doing so, either painfully straiten themselves, and make the question of ways and means a constant burden, or involve themselves hopelessly in debt. This foolish vieing with others begins on the wedding-day. Miss Jones had six bridesmaids; Miss Brown, who is about to marry a clerk with £200 a-year, must have at least as many, or, better still, eight. The wedding cake, wedding breakfast, wedding carriages, and wedding trip, together amount to a sum which would have kept the young couple for half a-year, or paid the insurance on Brown's life for three years.

I protest that when I married, my wife's maid lifted up her hands in horror at the small price of the wedding-cake. Her sister, who married a porter, had a cake which cost more. We had *one* bridesmaid; quite enough to hold the gloves, carry the bouquet, offer smelling salts, or perform any other act of kindness which might be necessary. But my wife did not faint, and never intended to do so. Then we had the plainest possible wedding breakfast; but ten pounds were sent to the clergyman for the poor of the parish.

"But what," cries some reader, "did the Jones's say?"

Anxious reader, we did not care what the worthy people in question might say.

Of course, other causes come in. Some meet with many who would be husbands, but never with one who realizes the dream of their youth and from that they cannot come down; and over the affections of others a blight has fallen, from which they never wholly recover.

But from whatever causes it may arise, the fact exists, that a considerable number of women remain unmarried, and of those who do so remain, the larger proportion must be dependent upon their friends, or on their own exertions.

How many a brave-hearted woman has said, and is saying to herself, "Would that I were a man!" And through what sharp trials have many such passed, that they might support an aged mother, or compass the education of a brother, or provide delicacies for a sick sister, or, finally, keep themselves on this side starvation! Much honor to them. I knew two such—highly bred women, of an old and honored family. In their county they were looked up to and respected. The extravagance of a father and brother had brought them to poverty. The death of the father revealed their position. They determined to go to London, and earn a livelihood, taking their mother with them. This resolution was opposed by all their family. Such a thing had never been known among them. Their relations would support them on the old estate. But they refused to eat the bread of dependence, and determined to work for themselves. Each obtained a situation, and each had to encounter difficulties and submit to humiliations which a few years before would have seemed intolerable; but they bore up well, and, in time, worked their way into smoother water. Much honor to them. But many are not so fortunate as my friends were. They were really well-educated and accomplished. They had, too, a north country vigor of mind and determination which ensured their success.

Much honor, I must say to such true women as Miss Emily Faithfull and others who are devoting themselves to the solving of this problem, by opening other outlets for female industry, over and above those too over-stocked ones—the work of the governness and the seamstress. Printing, watch-making, law-copying, these are well, and relieve the ranks of the seamstresses; but what shall be devised for the multitude who think that they can teach? Many an imperfectly educated girl, after wasting some of her best years, finds herself suddenly dependent upon her own exertions. To be a governess is the first thought of all such. The consequence is, that the books of agents are full, and they drive a thriving trade; and any advertisement for a governess is answered by scores. I say this advisedly. I lately had occasion to advertise for a nursery governess. I fill the news agent send me the answers by post. In a few days he wrote, saying that the letters were so many that he must send them *by rail*. The first packet came—108 letters. Here they are in a drawer by my side. In a few days after, another packet. In all, 136 letters. What histories some of them could tell! In what anxiety were many of them written! Letters in all different hands; and from what different places! North, south, east, and west; England, Scotland, Wales; each sent their contributions; letters from ladies, and from those who evidently were not ladies; letters well-expressed and ill-expressed; some properly spelt, but far too many ill-spelt. How is it that persons desiring to educate others do not take pains with themselves in this respect? Nothing so soon stamps a person as imperfectly educated as bad spelling. It only requires a little care for a little time, and the difficulty would be overcome. Of the letters which reached me, nearly half were badly spelt. Those were, of course, put aside immediately. Let those who may be seeking similar situations remember that. One young person professed to teach French "*gramatically*." It was, I think, pardonable in me to doubt it, when she did not know her own language orthographically.

But though some of the letters raised a smile, it was a sad budget, and one which few men could contemplate or read over without a sigh. It brought before one so vividly the dependence of a large class of persons, who glut in the education market, and the few outlets that there were for female enterprize, since so much of it was poured into this channel.

Sad letters some of them were. A sad letter that from a young widow, whose two children had been taken by the relatives of her husband. What a breaking up of home! What a severing of ties! What a vanishing of the bright dreams of youth! The husband taken away by death, the children taken away by poverty. She would have called my children by the names of her own; she would have been welcome. I should have found her sobbing over little flaxen locks of hair, daintily tied with blue silk. I should have feared to caress my children before her, lest I should call up the sense of want in her heart.

Several widows wrote. In what pleading terms one wrote, who was well born and connected, but had suffered sad reverses of fortune. How she offered "valuable services heartily rendered." She was, too, without friends in this country. My mind inclined to her. I should have engaged her; but the better judgment of my wife showed that there were others who were likely to suit us better. I felt inclined to engage about a quarter of them.

What was the history, I wonder, of that "married lady," who anxiously sought the situation for herself? It was a sad one, no doubt. Did poverty compel those to separate whom no man must put asunder? or was there something still more bitter, which made longer companionship intolerable, and caused her to prefer the doubtful and precarious kindness of strangers to the desecrated home?

I was much surprised to notice the high terms in which some persons could write of themselves. One lady described herself as very clever, exceedingly thoughtful and trustworthy, and "to a lady with a family of young children, almost invaluable." Yet this clever lady wished to enter a "family of firm Christian principals."

Many young ladies professed to teach "rudimentary French and music." I was naturally "ware" of them. It was strange how many made mistakes in such words as "independent," writing always "independant."

Others seemed sadly afraid of claiming any personality for themselves. They managed, by a curious device, to get through their letter without the use of the personal pronoun. Now, the too frequent use of that conscious part of speech is certainly objectionable; but for a person to apply for a situation without using it once, is still more so. One turns away at once from a letter which begins—"Having seen your advertisement in the Times, beg to offer myself to your notice. Am 23 years of age. Should require £—— as salary. Can have excellent testimonials." "My dear friend," I would say, "do not be ashamed of your individuality. You are a person, and cannot help being such. Do not try to prove yourself a nonentity. In any case have regard to English grammar. Active as the verb is, yet it limps sadly if deprived of its nominative case, which, as you write for yourself, and in the first person, must be plain outspoken 'I.'"

I hope that some of those who are seeking to be the educators of others, will take a hint from the remarks I have made, and from what I am now going to say.

Others who advertise will scan the answers much as I have done. They will not choose as the teacher of their children a person who writes a slovenly letter, or who spells badly, or who does not seem a mistress of her own language. They will avoid those who use peculiar or ungrammatical expressions, or who speak too confidently about themselves. They will not, either, pay much attention to copied testimonials. Let those who answer advertisements for situations write their letters carefully, shortly, and well. Let them avoid pink and yellow, and green paper. Let them only profess to teach those things which they have mastered. Don't let them talk of "thorough English," (what is that?) while they blunder in grammar and spelling. A knowledge of English is a much rarer accomplishment than some persons imagine.

Above all, let those who seek to be teachers of others carefully educate themselves. The office of teacher is a noble one; quiet and humble, indeed, and not much thought of, but having great results, such results as shall amply repay the painstaking and conscientious teacher.

Again, I say, educate yourself thoroughly. Be mistress of what you profess to teach.—Especially, master your own language. A good education does not so much consist in the amount learned, as in the manner in which it is learned.

When you have chosen your work, give yourself to it. Don't look upon it as something which must be done because more congenial work does not offer. Don't do it slightly or superficially, but do it with your whole heart. Try to take an interest in the children committed to your care. Try to shape them and train them to the best of your power; and soon, however uncongenial the work may have been at first, it will assume a new appearance. You will find yourself taking a strange interest in it, of which you could not have believed yourself capable. You will find that, like other good work honestly and heartily done, it has the power of making you happy, more or less; of causing you to forget sorrows and trials which otherwise might press too heavily upon you. You will gain the love of the children (no small matter), and the regard and esteem of their parents; and, for the future, instead of having to answer advertisements for a situation, when the children of one family are educated, your services will be eagerly sought by friends of the family, who have seen your worth, and who have waited to secure a similar training for their own children.

I must say a last word. Be real, be good, be honorable, be upright. While you try to educate your head, educate your heart also. What *you are* is of even more importance to the children than what you teach. For their sakes, therefore—for the sake of the stability of your work—above all, for your own sake—*be excellent*. The world will soon know it and value it. Care not for seeming. Care *to be* what you ought to be. And if the world never find it out, the Great Master will see, and know, and reward it.

AN OUTBREAK AND ITS CAUSE.

On Thursday evening last the quiet of S—— street was broken about midnight by the cries of "Police! Police!" One of these faithful guardians immediately reported in the rear of the block, and from the third story window a lady's head projected, and from her the alarm had proceeded. The policeman inquired into the trouble, and was informed that she could see on the shed fronting on the next street, a man who was apparently asleep. Other neighbors who had been attracted by the noise also said they could see him coiled up on the shed, and some thought he had fallen from the window in a fit.

The policeman, thinking that it might be some shrewd burglar who was feigning intoxication, scaled the fence, reached the shed, and there found a man rolled up in a travelling shawl sleeping soundly. After a shake or two the man came to his senses, and in answer to the policeman's inquiries as to who he was and what he was doing there, replied:

"Why, this is my house and this is my shed, and as I have just returned from the war, where I've roughed it on the hard ground for eighteen months, I found it impossible to sleep in a bed, and so I just took a shake down here. So, sergeant, don't trouble yourself, but just get outside my lines."

What shall we do when this war is over, if our boys intend to conduct themselves in this way?—*Boston Gazette.*

THE LIFE OF A GRAND DUKE THREATENED.—A very important communication is made in a private letter received at Berlin from Warsaw. It has already been announced that the insurgent chief, Heinrich Abicht, and the Capuchin monk, Konarski, had been hanged by order of the Russian Government. Immediately after the execution, it is said the Grand Duke Constantine received a warning from the National Government that it could no longer be responsible for his safety. The warning is alarming, and must not be despised, for the threats of the invisible Government have more than once been executed by their devoted agents.

JERUSALEM UNDERGROUND.

An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply bevelled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zerubabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the time of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits, and several leading from the "dome of the rock," a mosque standing on the site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flood the whole Temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook of Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting.

He got an Arab to walk through these immense sewers, ringing a bell, and blowing a trumpet, while he himself, by following the sound, was able to trace the exact course they took. About two years ago, he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethseda, and on his opening it a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whither it goes.—This caused the greatest excitement amongst the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied it was one of the signs of the Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions.

☞ It is better, in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject in dispute with some merry conceit, than to keep up the contention to the discomfiture of the company.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things in their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE MONITOR TORPEDO.

It has been claimed for the rebels that they have not as yet begun in the use of torpedoes attached to long shot heads to blow up any vessel with which she may come in contact. This is a mistake. Two months were the first to have these torpedoes attached, though our naval officers seemed afraid to use them. The New York Herald says:

The monitor torpedo consists of a monster shell, thirty feet long, weighing upwards of 6,000 pounds, with a charge of 700 pounds of powder. By means of a raft—the "devil"—these shells are pushed some fifty feet ahead of the monitor, suspended at any desirable depth.

We shall know in good time how the rebels succeed in obstructing the passage of the monitors when armed with these terrible shells, the explosion of which will resemble an earthquake under water. It appears that the naval officers were afraid of employing the potent means placed at their disposal for clearing Charleston harbor of obstructions, for fear the explosion of the shells would act backwards on their vessels. As might be supposed, the constructor has guarded against such an occurrence.

The Secretary of the Navy, with a view of removing all doubts on this point, ordered a trial to be made last winter with one of the rafts, the very "devil" afterwards towed to Port Royal. The trial proved eminently satisfactory; for, although the explosion of the shell pushed up a mountain of water fifty feet high above the surface of the Hudson, near the head of the raft, not the slightest injury was sustained by the latter. The perfect preservation of slender pieces of wood attached under the raft proved beyond a doubt that the effect of the explosion was, as had been designed, in the forward direction only. This singular feature of the monitor torpedo we are not at liberty to describe. What we have stated on the subject can do no harm, as it is known at Richmond as well as at Washington. So, also, is the fact that a couple of shiploads of these under-water pioneers are now at hand where their good services are most needed. We therefore acquit Mr. Welles on the charge of want of enterprise as regards the torpedoes. But is it not time to order Admiral Dahlgren to put steam on the monitors and push the torpedoes past Sumter up against those rebel obstructions?

A PHOTOGRAPHIC LOTHARIO.

A young German had paid his addresses for some time to a charming brunettish lady on Vine Street, St. Louis, no longer in the years of foolishness, but withal very attractive, and learned in the lore of love, which former admirers, before their desertion, had imparted to her. He vowed eternal faithfulness, and she was happy—dreaming already of the bliss which the approaching nuptials would shower upon her. But on an evil day a stray copy of a newspaper happened to fall into her hands, in which there appeared several advertisements of "young men with a view to matrimony, &c." Of a natural disposition for fun, she replied to one of them under a false name, enclosing the photograph of a young lady friend of hers, and asking for that of the matrimonial candidate in return. On the second day it arrived; it was the photograph of—of her betrothed! A scene: Fainting, sobbing, tears! The inconstant lover received his dismissal, and the branded photograph was burned, a vow never again to fall in love—until another lover presents himself. So says the St. Louis *Republican*.

SWEARING THEM.

A Murfreesboro' correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes:—

"I have just returned from a pleasant visit to the outposts, a part of General Jeff. C. Davis's division occupying the front upon the Shelbyville Pike. Colonel Hog has a regiment of Norwegians or Scandinavians. They are mostly from, and are known as the Fifteenth Wisconsin. They are a splendid body of well-disciplined men, and all speak our language fluently. I heard an amusing anecdote of one of their captains, who, a short time since, took a lot of rebel prisoners. As the Norwegian captain had them drawn up in line, he said to them, in broken English, and in accents very like the the German:

"'Say, you fellers—you putternuts—I want you all to schwear a little. It do you goot to schwear mit de Constitution. I schwear him tree year ago—now you schwear him. Now, recollect, you schwear him goot—no cross nonsense. You schwear him and keep him down, and not puke him up again.'"

JEALOUSY.—The Lewiston Journal tells of a laughable incident which recently happened in an auction room in that city:

Mrs. B—— had her anger aroused by what appeared to her to be the suspicious familiarity of her husband toward Miss C——, whose reputation was somewhat dubious. Looking into the auction room one day while a sale was progressing, and, consequently quite a crowd was present, who should Mrs. B—— discover but the dubious Miss C—— seated on a settee with her face turned in the opposite direction, and seated at her side a gentleman whom she supposed ought to be her liege lord and husband. The sight was more than she could bear, and rushing up behind the twain before they discovered the danger, she took the head of one in her right hand and the head of the other in her left hand, and brought them in violent contact half a dozen times, greatly to the astonishment of the crowd as well as of the unsuspicious twain. As soon as the gentleman supposed to be Mr. B—— could clear himself from the wrath of Mrs. B——, he rose and turned round. What was Mrs. B—— surprise to find that the gentleman's head which she had been rapping against Miss C——'s cranium, was not that of Mr. B——, but that of Mr. A——, a much respected citizen, who had seated himself on the settee without being aware of his proximity to danger. Mrs. B—— apologized—thought it was her husband—and passed on.

☞ "I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. Fizbob to her friend Mrs. Tigg, whose embonpoint was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat and you had some of my lean." "I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair wit, "you think too much of me, and too little of yourself."

A GOOD CAMP STORY.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper attached to the Army of the Potomac writes the following:—"To show you how rumors will spread in the army, I will illustrate by an incident. The lady friends of one of the corporal sent him a box; among the many good things in the said box was a life-size doll, dressed in full Zouave uniform, which they won at a soldier's fair in your city. The corporal, after getting the box, was taken sick; the boys started the rumor that the corporal was a woman, and gave birth to a boy. The rumor spread like wildfire; hundreds flocked to our quarters to see the wonderful phenomenon—a new-born babe—but we guarded the tent with jealous care, only allowing anyone to catch a passing glimpse of the supposed mother and babe. We could find a number of men to swear they had seen both. But the cream of the joke was to come off; the corporal received a ten day's furlough; all thought it was the mother going home with her baby; some had it that she was a rich heiress escaping from a tyrant father; but hundreds believed in the mother corporal and young recruit of Company I of the Zouaves d'Afrique."

☞ Last Sunday, little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put into the contribution box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

☞ It is remarkable that, although the ancient monuments of the Egyptians contain many painted figures of cats very similar to the Syrian specimens now in the Zoological Garden, London, the cat is nowhere mentioned in the canonical book of the Bible as a domestic animal.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Holders have put up their prices for Flour 25@30c ₱ bbl since the close of last week, and 13,000 bbls have been disposed of at $5.50@6 for superfine; $6,75@ 6.25 for extras, the latter Lancaster county; $6.25@7.25 for low grade and choice Ohio extra family, and $7.50@8 for fancy do. Rye Flour is dull and rather lower, holders ask $4.75@4.87½ ₱ bbl, without sales to any extent. Corn Meal is quiet but steady at $4 for Pennsylvania, and $4.12½@4.25 ₱ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and include only some 30,000 bus, chiefly prime Pennsylvania reds at $1.50, in store and afloat, including small lots of choice amber at $1.52@1.53, and white at $1.62 to $1.70, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania sells on arrival at $1.05@1.06. Corn comes in slowly, about 40,000 bus sold at 86@87c for prime Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, afloat and in the cars, chiefly at the latter rate, and 81c for Western mixed, afloat. Oats are dull and rather lower, and only some 20,000 bus found buyers at 79@79c, weight.

PROVISIONS—The market for barrelled Meats is dull, and there is a small business only to note in Old Mess Pork at $12@12½; New do at $14@14½, and Mess Beef at $13@13 ₱ bbl, the latter for City Packed. Beef Hams are scarce, and held above the views of buyers.—Bacon meets with a good demand, with further sales of pegged Hams to note at 11@12c, and Shoulders at 8½@8¾c. Nothing doing in Sides. Green Meats are also firm, with sales of Hams, in lots, at 7¾@8¼c, and Shoulders at 4¾@5c, now generally held higher. Pickled Hams are scarce and worth 9@10c. Lard is inactive; 1,000 bbls were sold at 11½@11¾c, and 200 kegs at 11¾@11¾c. Butter is dull, the packers are not buying, and prices range at 14 @20c, as in quality. Cheese is scarce and worth 11@12c, for which but few sales are reported at 13@13½c, the latter for middlings, closing dull at 70@71c ₱ lb.

ASHES are unchanged, and the sales small. BARK &c.—The demand for Quercitron is limited, with further small sales at $32 for 1st No 1, of Tanners' Bark prices are steady at $13@14 for Chestnut, and $17½@18 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote at 45@46c for good yellow.

COAL—Most of the colleries being closed, and business pretty much at a stand-still, the dealers are taking no new orders. Prices of all kinds are unsettled and on the advance.

COFFEE continues dull and neglected. The sales are confined to a few small lots, mostly Rio, at 29@31c, cash and 4 months.

COPPER—There is little or nothing doing, and prices are nominally unchanged.

FEATHERS are scarce and the demand limited at 46@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales continue limited and prices about the same.

HAY is rather scarce, and selling at 90@100c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is very little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no change in the market.

HOPS are dull, and the sales limited at 18@ 22c ₱ lb, the latter for 1st sort Western.

IRON—The market is at a stand still, and quotations are nominally unchanged.

LEAD—We hear of no movement in Pig to alter quotations.

LUMBER—The demand has been limited, but the market is firm at $21@24 for White Pine Boards; $26@30 for Timber do; $13@ 14 for Hemlock do, and $11 for do Scantling, and $18@22 for White Pine Shingles.

MOLASSES has been arriving more freely, a few cargoes of Cuba only are reported at about previous rates.

PLASTER—There is little or nothing offering or selling, and soft is dull at $3.75@4 ₱ ton.

RICE—Is quiet, and the sales of East India limited at 8¼@8¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is little or no Cloverseed offering or selling, and we quote it nominally at $5.25@5.50 ₱ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is firm at $2@2.25 ₱ bus. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and is worth $2@2.50; some fair quality sold at $2.38 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Foreign of all kinds is firm, but dull. N E Rum sells as wanted at 65@67c. Whiskey is scarce and prices are better, with limited receipts, and sales of bbls at 46½@ 47½c; hhds 46@47c, and Drudge at 45@46c.

SUGAR—The market is firm, but very dull; sales of a few small lots, mostly Cuba at 10¾@ 11c, cash and 4 mos. Refined Sugars are ¼c higher.

TALLOW—The market is quiet and the demand limited at 11@11¼c for city, and 10@ 10½c for country rendered.

TOBACCO—There is no change in the market.

WOOL—There is very little movement in the market; a few small sales of fleece only are reported at 70@75c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1730 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 12½ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $30 to 85 ₱ head. 4700 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5½c ₱ lb gross. 650 Hogs at from $7.00 to 8.25 ₱ cwt net.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES—All marriage certificates now issued at this office will contain the name, residence and age of the parties married, and the name by which the officiating clergyman or magistrate certifies his initials and the date of the marriage. Of course the fact of not having a stamp on the marriage certificate does not invalidate the marriage, for the certificate is not a part of the wedding ceremony, and is only given when the parties desire it. Marriage certificates, however, are a proof in law of marriage, but none could be admitted as evidence before a court, if given since the Stamp law went into effect, unless accompanied by the stamp, cancelled as above. Parties getting married should always procure certificates of the minister, for it might happen that they will be needed at some future time.

CONVINCED AGAINST THEIR WILL.—The London Spectator notices as "a curious fact that one out of the eight competitors for Oxford for the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay on the present American struggle—the subject proposed by Lord Derby—all of them of more than average excellence—seven are on the Northern side. Moreover, several of the writers had never been there before as true southerners, but had been convinced by the pure force of the considerations which a thorough study of the subject brought before them."

STRAINING IS HURTFUL.
STRAINING IS HURTFUL.
STRAINING IS HURTFUL.

Cramps, Spasms, wrenching pains attending an evacuation from the bowels, from a dose of medicine, is proof that the medicine thus taken is injurious. It is not the quantity of faeces expelled that is important in a case. Pills and purgative medicines made of aloes and other drastic cathartics are injurious, inasmuch as purgation from these obnoxious drugs is induced only from the irritation they produce on the mucous membrane. They have no influence on the liver or chyle, but are carried to the lower bowels, and by their irritation evoke an evacuation. Dr. Radway's Pills are the only safe purgative to take. These pills act on the liver and other secretions; hence in their operation no straining or wrenching pains follow; the stools, instead of being thin and watery, are natural; it is the absence of the diseased humors which these imperfect pills fail to eliminate from the blood, that causes this watery discharge; and hence when the patient has an evacuation he has to strain without affecting the desired result. A dose of Radway's Pills will insure a thorough evacuation; this accomplished, no further physic is required.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS J. CARMAN, of New Castle, Del. to Miss KATE N. SOLLY, of Holmesburg, Pa.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Chambers, GEORGE F. HORTON, to HENRIETTA MCMAKEN, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, WILLIAM WILLIAMS, to Miss LYDIA A. MORROW, both of this city.

On the 30th of June, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, assisted by D. M., Mr. ROBBINS P. DUNN, to Miss FRESE SMITH, both of Del. county, Pa.

On the 1st of March last, by the Rev. William T. EVE, WILLIAM H. VANDERBERCHEN, to Miss HARRIET CALWELL, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, WILLIAM W. LACKEY, of Brandywine, Delaware, to JOSEPHINE, daughter of Wm. Johnston, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. CHARLES KESTEIN, to Miss MARY E. ECKLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM PIERSON, in his 43d year.

On the 29th ultimo, ALFRED H. BARNES, in his 40th year.

On the 29th ultimo, JOHN PATTERSON, aged 64 years.

On the 29th ultimo, GEORGE CATHRALL, in his 71st year.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ANNA T. wife of Thos. H. Atkinson, in her 36th year.

On the 38th ultimo, ANNIE WILSON, in her 26th year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. GEORGE HARRAR, in his 70th year.

On the 27th ultimo, MARGARET BLAIR, relict of the late Chas. Blain, in her 87th year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. OLIVER BROWNELL, in his 61st year.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MARIA HOW, relict of the late Jacob How, in her 64th year.

On the 25th ultimo, WILLIAM H. MORGAN, Sr. in his 84th year.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUPTIVE CURED.
DR. R. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefitting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.
Address CRADDOCK & CO.,
jly11-13t 225 N. SECOND St., Philada., Pa.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!!—My ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in six weeks. Price 50 cents; or 3 packages for $1, by mail. Satisfaction given, or money re-united. Address
JAGGERS & HANDLEY,
jly11-3t Calhoun, Ill.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 30 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. GRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.
New York, November, 1861.
The curtailment of foreign expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced
PRICES:
No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 90,00
Half Case, Panaled, Black Walnut, 70,00
Plain Table, 65,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $65,00
Half Case, Panaled, 60,00
Plain Table, 55,00
The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.
[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.
DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.
Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
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PHALON'S COCIN,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
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FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR. Principal Depot 517
FOR THE HAIR. Broadway, New York.
FOR THE HAIR. For sale by all fancy
FOR THE HAIR. dealers and grocers.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
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SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
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LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.
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CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.
Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more distinctly than on those of brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his speciality—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,
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You may recover your health by the use of other remedies. You may recover without any; but do not forget that you may die, and that Brandreth's Pills could have saved you. For remember that the
AWFUL PRINCIPLE OF DEATH,
when you have it in excess in your system, is evident to your animal instincts. Your countenance tells your friends; your dreams and your own heart tell you.
Now, at least, know that there is no medicine so deserving of your confidence as
BRANDRETH'S
VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS.
It is the only medicine known that can certainly cure you when all the usual indications tell that you must die.
Mr. John Pudney, Springfield, Union Co., N. J., has used
BRANDRETH'S PILLS
for fifteen years in his family, and for all his hands in which time these Pills have cured them of Bilious affections, Headache, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Measles, Whooping Cough, and he says he has never known them to fail.
Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.
Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicine. je27-3teow

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.
For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Will effectually cure
Dyspepsia or Indigestion,
Chronic or Nervous Debility,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
Liver or
Jaundice,
And all complaints arising from Torpid Liver, Bilious Fever, &c.
NO ALCOHOLIC STIMULANT
Is used in any form in these Bitters. They will cure the most confirmed Drunkard, or the most delicate lady or child.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Are not a new and untried article. They have stood the test of many years' trial, and the extent of their reputation and sale are not rivalled by any other medicine in the country.
TESTIMONIALS
Have been received from hundreds of letters from the most
DISTINGUISHED
CLERGYMEN,
LAWYERS,
AND
PHYSICIANS
Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects of these Bitters in the following complaints:
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT RELIEF FROM NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, AND LOW SPIRITS?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT STRENGTH AND VIGOROUS DIGESTION?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.
Philadelphia, March 5, 1861.
I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, because I have not, for many years, recommended Patent Medicines to the public generally, and have, in this city, because I was prejudiced against them by the large number of worthless nostrums which are palmed upon the community as meritorious articles. I am induced to my present course by the fact that I have used Hoofland's German Bitters in my own family, and have witnessed their effects in the families of others, and I am satisfied that they are worthy the confidence of the community. I have no interest in the sale of the Bitters, and have no motive in view in making this statement, except the hope that it may contribute to the benefit of those who are afflicted with disease.
J. NEWTON BROWN.
FROM THE REV. JOS. H. KENNARD, PASTOR OF THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: Having been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, I have declined doing so, regarding it as out of my appropriate sphere. I have in all cases declined, but will make an exception in favor of your Bitters, particularly in my own family, at the earnest solicitation of my wife. I have used them in my family for some time with decided benefit to the health of my wife, and consider them a valuable tonic, and especially for *Liver Complaint*, and as a preventive of Fever and Ague and Bilious attacks. I have recommended them to others in some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be found as I have found it. You are at liberty to use the above as you please.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD.
Rights believe Consult Street, Phila.
PARTICULAR NOTICE.
There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, and called cheap. The cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 25 to 40 cents per gallon, makes the greatest quantity of trumpery stuff.
This class of Bitters has ceased, and will continue to cease, so long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. Bitters of this class are a fraud continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulation. Let the world be warned in time, and the fraud be nipped in the bud, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon the drunkard's life and death.
For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt, taking ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and one with FOUR QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY or pure spirits, and you will have a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. Hoofland's German Bitters and Hoofland's Tonic, in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than their imitative preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.
We call the attention of all our soldier friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure more cases of Fever and Ague, and by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the little knapsack, which is carried by the soldier on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of this kind will be relieved, and in a few days, lengthened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House and sent to this city. I heard of the steamer Mate, from which I landed on the 26th of June. Since that time I have been about as well as any one could be and still retain a spark of life in my body. For several days I was not able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately ejected from the stomach. I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under such circumstances, and accordingly the physicians, who had been working faithfully in the interest of my recovery, resorted to the use of a spoonful of brandy, whether I would or not they compelled me to take some, and advised me to use a quantity, and to make some effort to help myself. This at least availed me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinberger, of Second and Arch Street, advised me, as a last resource, to try your Bitters, and I took a portion of a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God, convalescent, and attribute my recovery to the use of your Bitters. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds in flesh, and I now consider myself able to speak well of your Bitters. I have also recommended them to my wife and daughter, from whom I have been suffering for eighteen months; for gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Fredericksburg. If your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of despair, and to your Bitters I owe the glorious privilege of again stepping to my bedroom floor without the aid of crutches.
Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE
We fully concur in the truth of the statements made as we had frequent opportunities of seeing our comrades, Mr. Malone and Steinberger, at the hospital.
JOHN CUDDLEBACK, First New York Battery.
GEORGE ACKER, Co. B, Second Maine.
HENRY B. THOMAS, Co. F, Ninety-fifth Penna.
ANDREW KOHLER, Co. C, Third Vermont.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B, One hundred and Sixth Pa.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE, OR HALF DOZEN FOR $5.
Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the nauseating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, secure from observation, by express.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
JACKSON & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.)
Proprietors.
☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. apl8-sowly

Wit and Humor.

SOCIAL CATECHISM.

Question. What is the dirtiest creature you know?

Answer. The American fine lady.

Q. What are your reasons for saying this?

A. Her habits.

Q. Explain yourself more fully.

A. When the walks she drags behind her a receptacle for dust and dirt of every kind.

Q. What is this called?

A. A long dress or train.

Q. What is its action?

A. It sweeps the ground, collects mud, dust, cigar-stumps, straws, leaves and every other impurity.

Q. What happens next?

A. This accumulation rubs off to a certain extent upon other portions of her dress, or upon the legs of any person who may walk beside her, and when she gets into her carriage the objectionable matter spoils the lining; besides that, the dust is most offensive.

Q. Why does she wear such a ridiculous dress?

A. For one of two reasons. Either because she aims at a servile imitation of certain great folks, or because she owes money to her milliner and dares not order any kind of dress except that which this tyrant sends home to her.

Q. Why does she not raise or loop up her dress to keep it from the ground?

A. Because, being a lazy person, she has thick ankles, or being a scraggy person, she has skinny ones, which her vanity forbids her to exhibit.

Q. Is there any other reason?

A. Yes; she has probably ugly feet, disfigured by corns or bunions caused by wearing tight boots.

Q. Is there any cure for such habits?

A. There is none until her husband has been nearly ruined by her extravagance, when she is compelled, by economical reasons, to dress like a rational being, and at once becomes clean and charming as the American female was intended to be.

Q. What sensation is caused to man by the sight of these dresses?

A. Contemptuous pity for the woman, and pity, without contempt, for her unfortunate husband.

Q. Does she know this?

A. Yes, but as she dresses less to please men than to vex women, the knowledge has no effect upon her dirty habits.

Q. Where can the animal be seen?

A. In Chestnut street, in all the streets on Sunday afternoons, in Fairmount Park, and in most places where fine clothes can be successfully exhibited.

Q. What lesson should you deduce from this?

A. That of thankfulness to Providence that, if married at all, you are married to a sensible woman and not to a fine lady.

Q. What will you take to drink?

A. Anything you like to put a name to.

VERY SLOW.

Pickering is a very nervous little man, who fusses and fidgets about in a remarkably quick manner, and who holds in detestation anything that can possibly come under the head of a slow coach, and indulges in rather queer expressions when anything moves too slow for his views. He is blessed with a "maid of all work," who has caused him to utter more profane words during the past three months than three years in purgatory can atone for. One evening last week he dispatched the girl upon an errand to the neighboring store, and according to his ideas, she remained an unaccountably long time. He pulled out his watch, and looked a half-dozen times within ten minutes, whistled, drummed upon the table with his fingers, beat time with his feet upon the floor, and finally started up, and began pacing the room, as if his nervous agitation and impatience could in any degree accelerate the movements of the absent Abigail. But the girl came back at length, and her impatient master broke forth with—

"For goodness sake, Maggie, where have you been?"

"To the store, sir," was Maggie's reply.

"Well," said her master, "it is about one hundred yards to the store, and you have been fifteen minutes in going and returning!"

"Yis, sir," broke in the girl.

"Now, Maggie," continued he, "take my advice, and when you die, remain quietly in your grave, and never make an attempt to get to heaven!"

"And why not, sir?" queried the bewildered girl.

"Because," said Pickering, "the sun is ninety six millions of miles from the earth, and heaven is beyond that, and if you ever make an attempt to get there, at the rate you move, eternity will come to an end before you reach your destination!"

☞ "You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

☞ A hop on the "light fantastic toe" may be pleasant, but not when you hop on the fantastic toe of your neighbor.

DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

How to Raise Soldiers.—Mr. Artemus Ward, the American showman, has organized a company upon an entirely new plan, which he explains in the following:—"Ime captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradooaly but majestick from drummer's secretary to my present position. I determined to have my company composed exclooesively of officers, everybody to rank as brigadier-general. As all air commanding officers there ain't no jeuley; and as we are all exceedin' smart, it t'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed exclooesively of cummanders-in-chief oriiggurnated I spose, I skursely need say, in this brane. Considered as an idee, I flatter myself it's pretty hefty. We've got the tackticks at our tongue's end, but what we particularly excel in is restin' muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody. Our corpse will do its duty. We'll be chopt into sassidge meat before we'll exhibit our cost-tails to the foe. We'll fight till there's nothin left to us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wriggle."

Not Bad.—The citizens of a small city in Pennsylvania, being thrown into considerable excitement by reason of the report that the rebels under Lee were advancing upon them, held a meeting for the purpose of organizing themselves into a regiment.

During the organization of the regiment, the question of arms, ammunition, &c., was being discussed, when an old gentleman, very much excited, and towering a head and shoulders above the crowd, exclaimed, in a stentorian voice:—"Are there not any cannons to defend the city?" Voice from the crowd—"Yes, but they are not mounted." Old Gent—"Why ain't they mounted?" Voice from the crowd—"Because we have no carriages." Old Gent—(still louder and more excited)—"Then, where the d—l are the buggies?"

EVERYTHING EXPLAINED.

The following satire on "The Vestiges of Creation," occurs somewhere in Disraeli's "Tancred."

After making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, "Do you know this?" And Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title-page, found it was "The Revelations of Chaos," a startling work just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.

"No," he replied; "I have not seen it."

"I will lend it you if you like; it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style."

"To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure," said Tancred.

"No longer so," said Lady Constance. "It is treated *scientifically;* everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it, 'tis charming."

"Nobody ever saw a star formed," said Tancred.

"Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations;' it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been 'developed.' You know, all is 'development.' The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it."

"I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancred.

"Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved—by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is *development.*"

THE TRUE SOLDIER'S EXAMPLE.

"I send you," wrote Nelson, "my plan of attack, but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view: that of annihilating our enemies and getting a glorious peace for our country." These words of a British Admiral, almost sixty years ago, might have been said, ought to be felt, by every Federal General. But hear the rest. Collingwood, before the battle of Trafalgar, had come on board the "Victory" to hold a final conference.

"Coll," said Nelson, "where is your captain?"

"The fact is," answered Collingwood, "we are not on good terms with each other."

"Terms!" exclaimed Nelson; "not on good terms with each other! I'll soon arrange that."

Accordingly a boat was dispatched to the "Royal Sovereign," and the captain was brought on board the "Victory." As soon as he reached the deck, Nelson led him to Collingwood.

"*Look,*" said Nelson, "*yonder is the enemy!*"

"Yes," they both replied.

"Well," he added, "shake hands like Englishmen."

Need we say those two men had no enemies that day but France and Spain? This is a lesson needed by Americans at this hour.

EFFECTS OF FRUIT ON DISEASE.

A writer on growing fruit in Kansas, and its healthfulness as a proportion of our food, says:—

"Never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind at a very early period of my life, by the directions given my mother by the family physician as she sat weeping over the cradle in which I had lain for a number of days in a hopeless condition. Now, said he, don't you give that boy one drop of cold water, and you had better keep those strawberries out of his sight. In a few hours my brothers and sisters returned from the meadow with a pail overflowing with the delicious fruit, and supposing me too far gone to observe anything in the room, the berries were left near my cradle. I soon opened my eyes upon the tempting delicacy, and in a few unobserved moments filled my parched mouth several times with the cooling beverage, for they were really like water on my dry and parched tongue. In a few hours I broke out in a fine perspiration. My tongue, which had been rattling on my teeth, become moist, and when the doctor came he said my fever had turned—the calomel had produced its desired effect, and I should probably get well."

Agricultural.

WASH FOR TREES.

A thorough cleansing of the bark of the trunks and larger limbs of the trees is of great advantage, especially where they have been neglected for a number of years. Sometimes a kind of scraping or rasping is necessary to remove the moss, as described by a correspondent recently, but a good scrubbing with a brush and soft-soap is generally sufficient and better. The Working Farmer makes the following remarks on this subject:—

The old style of whitewashing is not fair treatment, for although its immediate effects may be beneficial, the interstices of the bark become filled in a degree with the insoluble carbonate of lime, and this interferes materially with the after-functions of growth, lessening the *endomose* and *exomose* actions, and the bark soon becomes again as badly in condition as before.

Tree washes should be soluble, so that they will eventually be removed by rains; thus oil soap, if free from rosin, may be used with advantage. Potash should never be used, as it frequently injures the cleaner and more delicate portions of the bark, and it changes so readily to a carbonate, as to be washed off before it decomposes the ova and cocoons of insects, lichens, mosses, etc., and it will not remove the scaly insects from the surface of pear trees, unless used at so great a strength as to injure the surface of the bark itself.

The soda tree wash we have so frequently recommended is preferable to all others, and may be thus prepared:—Heat sal soda red hot in an iron vessel; to do this the vessel should be imbedded in, not over, a hard coal fire; this will drive off the water and carbonic acid which it contains, rendering the soda caustic. One pound of this caustic soda, added to one gallon of water, may be applied to the trunks and larger branches of trees without injuring them. It will remove the scaly insects from the bark of dwarf pear trees. Applying the wash one day, rub such as have this insect upon them the next day, with a woolen cloth, and the barks will be perfectly clear. This wash may be applied to all trees with a mop or brush, and if again applied at midsummer to the larger portions, trunk, etc., the trees will be materially benefitted. Where a portion only of the trunk of a plum tree is cleansed by this wash, it will increase in diameter more than the parts above and below the washed portions. This wash is worth all its costs as manure; it necessarily will find its way to the soil by the action of rains, dews, &c.

HOW TAR IS MADE.

Tar is derived principally from the pine forests of the Southern states, and since the breaking out of the rebellion has doubled and trebled in price. The question has been asked how it is made. Mr. Solon Robinson, who has travelled much in the South, and who doubtless speaks from actual observation, says:

"The process is very simple. Tar-producing pine wood is cut and set up just as it is for making charcoal, in a conical pile, about the size of a low, round-top hay-stack, of two tuns, covered with fine straw, or leaves, or with old hay or straw, or reversed grass-sods, over which earth to the depth of a foot is placed and well beaten down. The pile is fired and burned just as it would be for charcoal, and will make coal and tar by the same process; that is, by a slow combustion, with only just air enough to keep the fire alive. In building the pile, a well-hole is left in the centre, into which burning brands are thrown and the hole filled with small, dry wood, which is allowed to kindle and is then covered over, the combustion and ignition of the pile being kept up by means of vent-holes on the sides. The spot selected for the pile should be upon a hill-side, and all the loose earth removed, so as to have a hard, smooth bottom, with a descent of one foot in ten, or greater, with a channel on the lower side to convey the tar into a trough, leading it direct to the barrels. Practice alone can regulate the proper degree of heat at the right time to produce the greatest result, and as the best the result is not such as would satisfy a Yankee farmer of any enterprise, as any but a time like the present when the natural course of trade is interrupted, and the price of tar much higher than usual."

Another mode of making tar, to be practiced on every farm where are pine trees, is the following:—

Procure some good fat pine and cut it in small pieces; fill a large kettle that will contain at least fifteen gallons, with the pine you have prepared; then turn your kettle bottom upwards on a large stone; place sods around it, leaving a small opening on the lower side for the tar to run out; place a dish under the stone to catch it. All things made ready, build a good fire upon the top of the kettle to try out the pitch, and if your wood is good you will have from four to six quarts of good tar.

Medicine to Horses.—"I consider the usual method of giving medicine to horses by drenching, as it is called, highly objectionable. In this process the horse's head is raised and held up, a bottle introduced into his mouth, his tongue pulled out, and the liquid poured down. In his struggle some of the medicine is quite likely to be drawn into his wind-pipe and lungs, and inflammation and fatal results sometimes follow. A better way is to mix the medicine with meal, or rye bran; make it into balls, pull out the horse's tongue and place a ball as far back in his mouth as possible, then release his tongue; he will almost certainly swallow the ball. Or, the dose may be mixed with meal and honey, or any other substance that will form a kind of jelly, placed upon a small wooden blade made of a shingle, and thrust into the back part of his mouth, when he will very easily swallow it."—*Patent Office Agricultural Report.*

Salt Not a Preservative of Posts.—A correspondent of the Rural New-Yorker gives his experience as follows:—

Thirty-eight years ago I selected thirty chestnut posts of equal size. Half of the number I bored with an inch auger just at the top of the ground, slopingly, eight inches deep, filled them with salt, and plugged them up. The first post set was salted, next not salted, and so until all were set. The result was the posts all failed alike, proving to me salting was lost labor.

Useful Receipts.

Indian Bread.—Here is a good recipe. Scald one quart of Indian meal and sponge it with hop yeast. Next morning add two teaspoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and a little salt. Harden with wheat flour, not making too stiff. Bake nearly an hour in a slow oven.

New Year's Cake.—Three-fourths pound of butter; one pound of sugar; three pounds of flour; half pint of water; one teaspoonful of soda; two of cream of tartar; and caraway seeds to your taste. Roll them out and cut in diamonds, stamping them with any pattern you choose. They are excellent, and will keep fresh a long time.—*Rural New Yorker.*

For the Rats.—Mahlon Guenn, of Morris County, N. J., writes to the American Agriculturist that, after fifty years of ineffectual contest with the rats of his barn, he has finally expelled them by sprinkling fresh slacked lime around the sills, and wherever the rats will be likely to get their feet into it. They don't like it, and quit the premises. Mr. G. pronounces this a certain remedy. Several other correspondents recommend chloride of lime for the same purpose. Some say it burns their feet, and others that the rats don't like the odor of the chloride gas.

NEGRO CAKES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The following receipts have been procured from one of the women who make these famous Philadelphia cakes:—

Cocoa-Nut Negro Cake.—Grate on a coarse grater one cocoa-nut. Boil one quart of molasses until it begins to thicken and approach the candy state. Then put in the grated nut, and stir it well a few minutes.—Take it off the fire, and with a spoon on paper make it up into little balls as we see. When cold they will adhere.

Negro Ground-Nut Cakes.—Roast and shell one pint of ground-nuts. Take one pound of good brown sugar, melt it in two quarts of water: let it boil hard, long enough to approach the candy or taffy state; when quite in this state, throw in the ground-nuts, stir it well and take it off the fire. Now, with a spoon spread it in cakes, thinly, on white paper to dry. When cold they are hard.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 14, 5, 2, 8, 12, 6, is an unfortunate character in the *Iliad.*

My 16, 15, 13, 9, is an East Indian coin.

My 15, 5, 6, 13, 11, 10, 3, is the foundation of all rocks.

My 11, 14, 3, 7, 11, 3, 12, is the motto of one of the princes of Europe.

My 15, 3, 1, 3, 3, 3, is the hero of the 19th century.

My 4, 16, 15, is a permanently elastic uniform fluid.

My whole is the pride of every school.

Elizabeth, N. J.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in snow, but not in rain.
My 2nd is in money, but not in gain.
My 3rd is in sorrow, but not in pain.
My 4th is in rice, but not in fall.
My 5th is in round, but not in ball.
My 6th is in sound, but not in call.
My 7th is in haste, but not in slow.
My 8th is in come, but not in go.
My 9th is in great, but not in low.
My 10th is in hat, but not in boot.
My 11th is in hand, but not in foot.
My 12th is in leaves, but not in root.

My whole, the name of a brave man,
Guess it, readers, ye who can.

Marshalltown, Iowa. L. G. LIND.

CHARADE.

Four letters form me quite complete,
As all who breathe do show;
Reversed, you'll find I am the seat
Of infamy and woe.

Transposed, you'll see I'm base and mean,
Again of Jewish race;
Transposed once more, I oft am seen
To hide a lovely face. A. C. W.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be a perfect sphere of water, 8,000 miles in diameter, and two ships, A and B, set out at the same time from the opposite extremities of a diameter, and describe two great circles inclined to each other at an angle of 60 degrees; A sailing at the rate of 40 miles a day, and B sailing at the rate of 80 miles a day. In how many days will they be 7,000 miles apart?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman purchased two square fields for $895, and found that if he added the number of dollars it cost per acre to the number of acres, the sum would be 108.25. How many acres did he buy? what was the length or width of each field, providing that the sum of either their length or breadth is 160 rods?

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Never take a nap in a railroad carriage. 'Cause why? Ans.—The train always runs over sleepers.

☞ Why is a married flirt like a wheel? Ans.—Because she goes 'round with the *felloes* as well as with the *hub.*

☞ When is a window like a star? Ans.—When it's a sky-light.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—Your last year's recipe for tomato catsup is alone worth the price of the Post. CHARADE.—Maryland. (Ma—Rye—Land.) RIDDLE.—A strong cup of tea. ANAGRAMS ON FLOWERS.—Blue-bottle, Veronica, Lilac, Borea, Dahlia, Chrysanthemum, Hodpurum, Heartsease, St. James' Volunteer, Sweet William, Polyanthus, Fox-glove, Laurel, Tulip, Lavender, Eglantine.

Answer to PROBLEM by R. Barto, published June 6th.—Hourly speed of A, 4 miles; of B, 5 miles; of stage-wagon, 6 miles; and of drove, 3 miles; the distance between C and D is 170 miles.—Uncle William, Mercer Co., Ill.; Francis W. Hibbard, Belmont Co., Ohio; "Invalid," Philadelphia; E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and R. Barto.

Answer to A. Martin's GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published June 6th.—14.2726885 inches.—E. Hagerty, F. W. Hibbard, and A. Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by Battery H., 1st Vermont Artillery, published June 6th.—37.6999 feet.—Reuben Barto, A. Martin, E. Hagerty, Francis W. Hibbard, R. Vasey, Jr., Morgan Co., Ill., and "Invalid," Philadelphia.

Ed. Riddler Sat. Eve. Post:—

Dear Sir:—I am not in possession of the answers about which Mr. Hart inquires. I have not succeeded in solving those PROBLEMS, and I proposed them in your paper in the hope that they might fall under the notice of some mathematician able to investigate them satisfactorily. I shall consider them as possible of solution until they are proven to be impossible. Respectfully yours.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.